

# Rotarian

JANUARY



## WALTER B. PITKIN

The Americas  
Show the Way

## JULIAN S. HUXLEY

Britain in  
Transition

## CEILINGS ON WAGES?

Edward A. O'Neal  
William Green

## STEPHEN LEACOCK

We Canadians

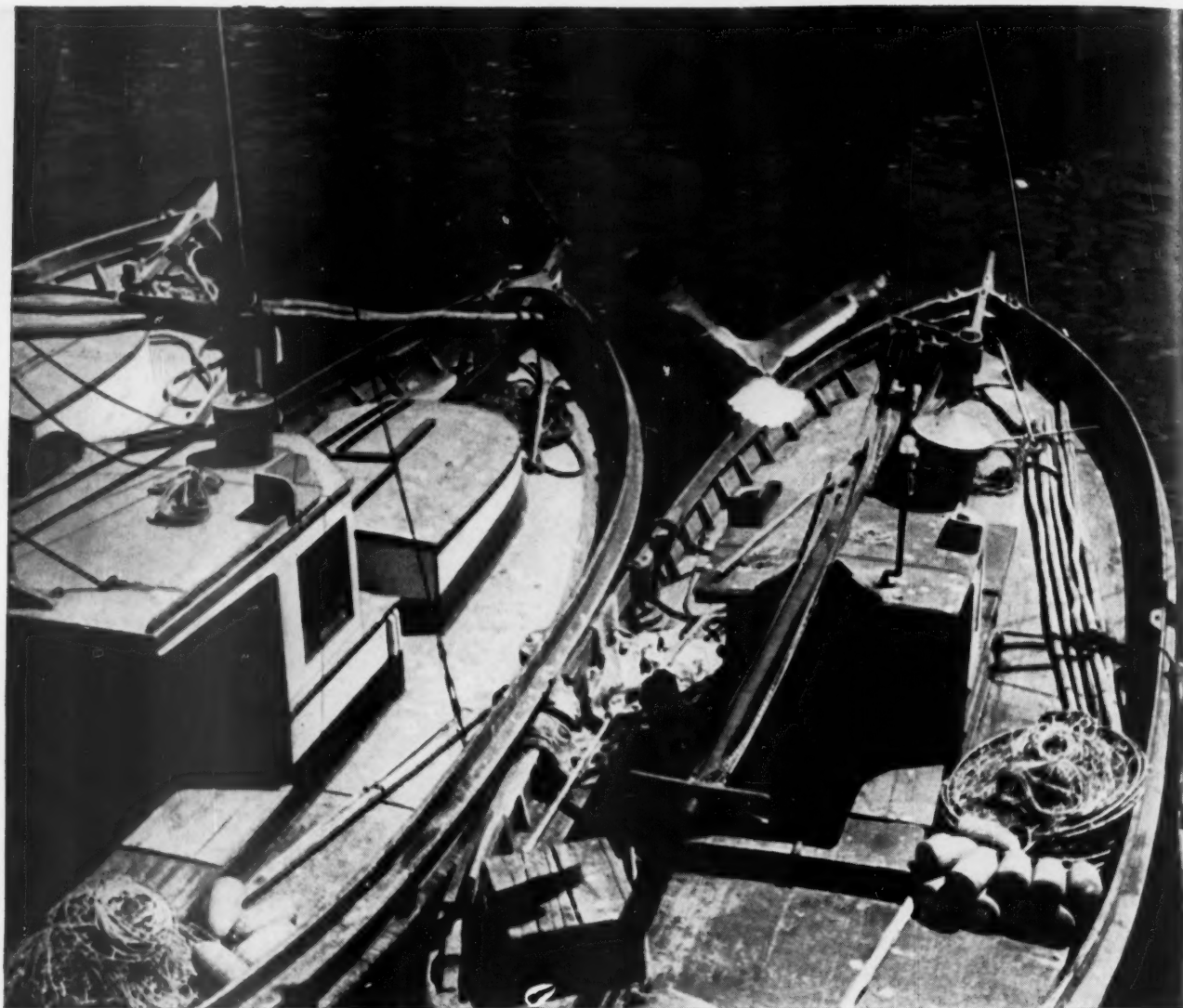
## WM. LYON PHELPS

My '10 Bests'  
For 1941

## WELDON MELICK

Postlude  
To Skiing

1942



## THE FISHERMEN'S WHARF

The sight of the fishing fleet moored to the home port suggests the endless tales of the seven seas—some tragic, some humorous, all colorful in adventure. To the advertising production man who has had some tragic but not humorous adventure in the purchase of art and engraving—let him turn to BARNES-CROSBY COMPANY. Skill and a thorough understanding of the job at hand make for illustrations that do a merchandising job. Plate work by master craftsmen insure faithful reproductions of the ART whether in black and white or in full color.

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# A Money-Making Opportunity for Men of Character

## EXCLUSIVE FRANCHISE FOR A BUSINESS WHICH HAS MADE AN OUTSTANDING NATIONAL SUCCESS

**Costly Work Formerly  
"Sent Out" by Business Men  
Now Done by Themselves  
at a Fraction of the Expense**

**This is a call for men everywhere to handle  
exclusive agency for one of the most  
unique business specialties of the day.**

Forty years ago the horse and buggy business was supreme—today almost extinct. Twenty years ago the gas mantle industry ran into many millions—today practically a relic. Only a comparatively few foresighted men saw the fortunes ahead in the automobile and the radio. Yet irresistible waves of public buying swept these men to fortune, and sent the buggy and the gas mantle into the discard. So are great successes made by men able to detect the shift in public favor from one industry to another.

Now another change is taking place. An old established industry—an integral and important part of the nation's structure—in which millions of dollars change hands every year—is in thousands of cases being replaced by a truly astonishing, simple device which does the work better—more reliably—AND AT A COST OFTEN AS LOW AS 2% OF WHAT IS ORDINARILY PAID! It has not required very long for men who have taken over the rights to this valuable specialty to do a remarkable business, and show earnings which in these times are almost unheard of for the average man.

**Not a "Gadget"—  
Not a "Knick-Knack"—**

**but a valuable, proved device which  
has been sold successfully by business  
novices as well as seasoned  
veterans.**

Make no mistake—this is no novelty—no flimsy creation which the producer hopes to put on the market. You probably have seen nothing like it yet—perhaps never dreamed of the existence of such a device—yet it has already been used by corporations of outstanding prominence—by dealers of great corporations—by their branches—by doctors, newspapers, publishers—schools—hospitals, etc., etc., and by thousands of small business men. You don't have to convince a man that he should use an electric bulb to light his office instead of a gas lamp. Nor do you have to sell the same business man the idea that some day he may need something like this device. The need is already there—the money is usually being spent right at that very moment—and the desirability of saving the greatest part of this expense is obvious immediately.

**Some of the Savings  
You Can Show**

You walk into an office and put down before your prospect a letter from a sales organization showing that they did work in their own office for \$11 which formerly could have cost them over \$200. A building supply corporation pays our man \$70, whereas the bill could have been for \$1,600! An automobile dealer pays our representative \$15, whereas the expense could have been over \$1,000. A department store has expense of \$88.60, possible cost if done outside the business being well over \$2,000. And so on. We could not possibly list all cases here. These are just a few of the many actual cases which we place in your hands to work with. Practically every line of business and every section of the country is represented by these field reports which hammer across dazzling, convincing money-saving opportunities which hardly any business man can fail to understand.

**Profits Typical of  
the Young, Growing Industry**

Going into this business is not like selling something offered in every grocery, drug or department store. For instance, when you take a \$7.50 order, \$5.83 can be your share. On \$1,500 worth of business, your share can be \$1,167.00. The very least you get as your part of every dollar's worth of business you do is 67 cents—on ten dollars' worth \$6.70, on a hundred dollars' worth \$67.00—in other words two thirds of every order you get is yours. Not only on the first order—but on repeat orders—and you have the opportunity of earning an even larger percentage.

**This Business Has  
Nothing to Do With  
House to House Canvassing**

Nor do you have to know anything about high-pressure selling. "Selling" is unnecessary in the ordinary sense of the word. Instead of hammering away at the customer and trying to "force" a sale, you make a dignified, business-like call, leave the installation—whatever size the customer says he will accept—at our risk, let the customer sell himself after the device is in and working. This does away with the need for pressure on the customer—it eliminates the handicap of trying to get the money before the customer has really convinced himself 100%. You simply tell what you offer, showing proof of success in that customer's particular line of business. Then leave the device without a dollar down. It starts working at once. In a few short days, the installation should actually produce enough cash money to pay for the deal, with profits above the investment coming in at the same time. You then call back, collect your money. Nothing is so convincing as our offer to let results speak for themselves without risk to the customer! While others fail to get even a hearing, our men are making sales running into the hundreds. They have received the attention of the largest firms in the country, and sold to the smallest businesses by the thousands.

## EARNINGS

One man in California earned over \$1,600 per month for three months—close to \$5,000 in 90 days' time. Another writes from Delaware—"Since I have been operating (just a little less than a month of actual selling) and not the full day at that, because I have been getting organized and had to spend at least half the day in the office; counting what I have sold outright and on trial, I have made just a little in excess of one thousand dollars profit for one month." A Connecticut man writes he has made \$55.00 in a single day's time. Texas man nets over \$300 in less than a week's time. Space does not permit mentioning here more than these few random cases. However, they are sufficient to indicate that the worthwhile future in this business is coupled with immediate earnings for the right kind of man. One man with us has already made over a thousand sales on which his earnings ran from \$5 to \$60 per sale and more. A great deal of this business was repeat business. Yet he had never done anything like this before coming with us. That is the kind of opportunity this business offers. The fact that this business has attracted to it such business men as former bankers, executives of businesses—men who demand only the highest type of opportunity and income—gives a fairly good picture of the kind of business this is. Our door is open, however, to the young man looking for the right field in which to make his start and develop his future.

**No Money Need Be Risked**

in trying this business out. You can measure the possibilities and not be out a dollar. If you are looking for a business that is not overcrowded—a business that is just coming into its own—on the upgrade, instead of the downgrade—a business that offers the buyer relief from a burdensome, but unavoidable expense—a business that has a prospect practically in every office, store, or factory into which you can set foot—regardless of size—that is a necessity but does not have any price cutting to contend with as other necessities do—that because you control the sales in exclusive territory is your own business—that pays more on some individual sales than many men make in a week and sometimes in a month's time—if such a business looks as if it is worth investigating, get in touch with us at once for the rights in your territory—don't delay—because the chances are that if you do wait, someone else will have written to us in the meantime—and if it turns out that you were the better man—we'd both be sorry. So for convenience, use the coupons below—but send it right away—or wire if you wish. But do it now. Address

F. E. ARMSTRONG  
Dept. 4002-A, Mobile, Ala.

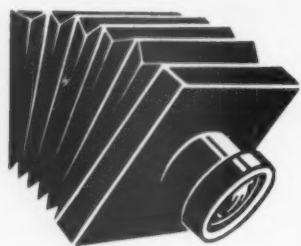
### RUSH FOR EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY PROPOSITION

F. E. ARMSTRONG, Dept. 4002-A, Mobile, Ala.  
Without obligation to me, send me full information on your proposition.

Name.....  
Street or Route.....  
Box No.....  
City.....  
State.....



# Hold That Pose!



Wait with bated breath for the announcement of the 1941 Photo Contest prize winners, in your—  
**February Rotarian**

There is one form of Rotary membership that is gained only by long Rotary service. Why senior membership is reserved for a select few is related in your—  
**February Rotarian**

Maybe the answer to labor's unrest lies in the hands of the employer. Give the workman a chance to rise by his own efforts, make him sure that his good work is appreciated, and his innate self-respect and fairness will write a new story—so Whiting Williams says in your—

**February  
ROTARIAN**

## Comment on ROTARIAN Articles by ROTARIAN Readers



### Proper Feeding Helps

Believes A. M. McWHORTER, *Rotarian Dairy Farmer*  
Bethel, North Carolina

Paul V. McNutt hits the nail on the head in his *The Pantry Door to Peace* [December ROTARIAN]. Proper food will often cure a distressed condition.

Mr. McNutt puts emphasis on milk and the part it plays in a planned diet. Naturally, I believe in milk and the proper quantities and use of it. But though tests in schools have shown that pupils receiving proper rations of milk do better work than those without it, and though it costs at least \$50 to have a child repeat a grade in school, how many failing children are given the help a proper milk supply would provide? Yet a fraction of the \$50 would often prevent failure.

Three-fourths of the 52 billion quarts of milk produced in the United States annually goes into cheese, butter, prepared foods, and commercial uses. That leaves an average of one-half pint of whole milk per capita for direct consumption. And that is less than half the amount required for proper nutrition.

Let's be nutrition-conscious!

### A Yardstick for Diets

Sent On by D. H. KILLEFFER  
ROTARIAN Contributor  
New York, New York

Paul V. McNutt is absolutely right when he says in his *The Pantry Door to Peace* [December ROTARIAN] that "if all men's families were fed well . . . there would be few who would fight. The bottom rung of the long ladder that leads to durable peace is food."

But how much food is necessary? And what foods? In answer to those questions the United States Department of Agriculture has issued a "yardstick of good nutrition" in the form of a master diet to supply everything needed for health. Here it is, with quantities noted for each day:

Milk—at least a pint for everyone and a pint and a half to a quart for growing children and expectant mothers.

Tomatoes, oranges, grapefruit, green cabbage, raw salad greens—one serving or more.

Leafy green or yellow vegetables—one serving or more.

Potatoes, other vegetables, and fruits—two servings or more.

Eggs—one (or at least three or four a week).

Lean meat, fish, or poultry—one serving or more.

Cereals—at least two servings of whole grain products or "enriched" bread.

Fats and sweets—some butter (or other fat rich in vitamin A) and enough more fats and sweets to satisfy appetite.

To get the amount of food necessary for the proper health of any one country, simply multiply this master diet by

the population of the country. From it can be determined that nation's food needs. When the nations' food problem is solved, we will have made one seven-league step toward achieving "A World to LIVE In."

### Fostoria . . . Delta

From LEO R. BREWINGTON, *Rotarian Publisher*, Delta County Independent  
Delta, Colorado

I wish to congratulate you on the feature *Home Town*, by Karl K. Krueger, as published in the December ROTARIAN.

To me this article was very interesting, as I was able to compare our own city of Delta with Fostoria, as shown in the story and pictures.

### Buy a Farm?

By CORNELIUS J. CLAASSEN, *Rotarian President*, Farmers National Co.  
Omaha, Nebraska

Your *An A B C of Inflation* [symposium, November ROTARIAN], by Melchior Palyi, Merryle S. Rukeyser, and your eminent Chicago investment counsel Harland Allen, is very sound, timely, and readable. My compliments to you and to the authors.

I like particularly Mr. Allen's statement about the advisability of acquiring a piece of real estate as an inflation hedge, depending on whether "this would increase or simplify your other economic problems."

The one thing I think Mr. Allen is stubbing his toe on a little, as most city "fellers" do who have never milked a cow, is that tariffs, patents, corporate structure, etc., are really no different from the subsidy standpoint than the more recently enacted farm subsidies which are still called "subsidies." As the others, give these farm subsidies another five or ten years and they will be taken for granted just like Sunday and religion and democracy, and tariffs and collective bargaining, etc. I rather think many people will agree with me on this.

### Old Age Needs Friendship

Says FRANK SUBLETT  
Honorary Rotarian  
Harrisonburg, Virginia

Edith M. Stern makes old age too easy in her *The Time of Your Life* [November ROTARIAN]. I know, for I am an old man. I am, like the old folks in your town or any town, in what people call "second childhood." I realize that in the ways of today's world and activities, I am a child. My greatest pleasures are my thoughts and dreams of youth.

Mrs. Stern says that a happy old age needs planning. True, but for those



whose old age has not been planned, perhaps because of circumstances throughout their life over which they had no control, Rotarians could do much. The old "children" are hungry for what Rotary has and can so freely give: fellowship.

Especially is this true of "shut-ins." Most of these people do not need more food, more raiment. They suffer largely from anguish of heart. They feel alone. They need not if they are given a chance to enjoy the fellowship of other members of their community.

### Too Old to Learn? Nonsense!

Typewrites Mrs. H. J. ARNOLD  
Wife of Rotarian  
Rome, Georgia

Having read *The Time of Your Life*, by Edith M. Stern, in the November ROTARIAN, I thought you and the authoress might be interested to know that my husband and I think we are having "the time of our lives" now in our "old age." My husband retired as a power-company executive eight years ago and is happy in his retirement. His Rotary membership helps to keep him so. And as for me, goodness, I have so much to do, I never will get through.

For one thing, I am learning to type at the age of 72, and am writing a book of our 50 years of married life to give to each of our four children, who live in distant cities, on our golden-wedding day next year. This is my second book. The first one was entitled *Christmas Cheer* and I wrote it, also, just for my husband and children.

I happened to take up typewriting in this way: Some years ago we rented a part of our home to a minister and his wife who wanted to spend a year in our city to be near their son. One day I discovered that the minister's wife wrote and sold stories to increase the family's meager income. She used a typewriter in her work. Both the idea

of writing for publication and using a typewriter fascinated me and, with her help, I tried both. At first I didn't seem to get ahead at all in story writing. Then I remembered that back in my school days I had written a few verses, and so I composed a little rhyme and, to my surprise, a Christian weekly paper bought and published it. This poem paid for my subscription to that periodical.

Last Summer I visited my son and his family and I asked my daughter-in-law if she thought I could learn to type. "Of course you can," she said, and she immediately gave me the first lesson. I was so fascinated I practiced that lesson over and over, and I continued with it at the home of my daughter which I next visited. When I returned home, I was lonely without a typewriter. Then a month later came my birthday and my family, knowing what I desired most of all, gave me a fine new machine [see cut]. A book of [Continued on page 58]



KEY: (Am.) American Plan; (Eu.) European Plan; (RM) Rotary Meets; (S) Summer; (W) Winter.

## CANADA

A ROYAL WELCOME  
AWAITS YOU AT

## CANADA'S ROYAL FAMILY OF HOTELS

MONTREAL—Mount Royal Hotel—  
Rotary meets Tuesday  
NIAGARA FALLS, Canada—General Brock  
Rotary meets Tuesday  
HAMILTON, Ont.—Royal Connaught  
Rotary meets Thursday  
WINDSOR, Ont.—Prince Edward  
Rotary meets Monday

DIRECTION VERNON G. CARDY

## UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

### ALABAMA

BIRMINGHAM—TUTWILER. 500 rooms. Direction Dinkler Hotels. Excellent service. R. Burt Orndorff, Vice-Pres. & Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$2.50 up. RM Wednesday, 12:30.

### ARIZONA

TUCSON—PIONEER HOTEL. New, modern, 250 outside rooms. J. M. Procter, Manager. Rates: Summer, \$3-\$10; Winter, \$5-\$15. RM Wednesday, 12:15.

### CALIFORNIA

OAKLAND—HOTEL OAKLAND. On main traffic arteries. Parking handy. 500 outside rooms. H. B. Klingensmith, Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$3 up. RM Thursday, 12:15.

SAN FRANCISCO—STEWART HOTEL. Down town on Geary St. above Union Square. Chas. A. Stewart, Prop. Rates, single with bath, from \$2.50. Excellent cuisine.

### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

ON HISTORIC PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE  
**WILLARD HOTEL**  
H. P. SOMERVILLE, Managing Dir.  
ROTARY MEETS WED. 12:30  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

### FLORIDA

JACKSONVILLE—THE ROOSEVELT. Largest, finest, best located. Air-conditioned. Every room with tub and shower bath. Rates from \$2.50. Chas. B. Griner, Mgr.

MIAMI—ALHAMBRA HOTEL. 119 S. E. 2nd St. Modern high class family hotel catering to refined clientele, 2 blocks from downtown. W. Earle Spencer, Manager.

THE COLUMBUS  
MIAMI'S finest  
Bayfront Hotel  
17 FLOORS OF LUXURIOUS LIVING IN THE  
HEART OF AMERICA'S TROPIC WONDERLAND

MIAMI—DALLAS PARK. Rooms, apartments, pent houses. Roof sunbathing. 11 stories, overlooking beautiful Biscayne Bay. Moderate rates. Eu. Michael Whelan, Manager.

MIAMI BEACH—HOTEL CLARIDGE. Overlooking the ocean—Private swimming pool—Ocean bathing—Comfortable Dining Room—Moderate rates—Restricted clientele.

## In St. Petersburg, Florida

Rotarians will find a warm welcome at the COLONIAL. A pleasant, home-like hotel. American and European plan. Modern throughout. 64 rooms, all with bath. Overlooking Waterfront Park and Tampa Bay.

JOHN C. BOICE, Managing Director

## The COLONIAL

ST. PETERSBURG—THE HUNTINGTON. Truly a resort hotel of merit. 125 rooms. J. Lee Barnes, Pres.; Paul B. Barnes, Vice-Pres. & Mgr. Rates: Am. \$7-\$12. Eu. \$4-\$8.

### FLORIDA (Continued)

TAMPA—HILLSBORO. See and Enjoy Florida From Tampa's Hotel Hillsboro—300 Spacious Rooms. Single \$2-\$4; Double \$4-\$7. RM Tuesdays 12:15. John M. Crandall, Mgr.

### GEORGIA

ATLANTA—ANSLEY HOTEL. 400 rooms of solid comfort in the downtown section. A Dinkler Hotel. L. L. Tucker, Jr., Res. Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$2.50 up. RM Monday, 12:30.

### ILLINOIS

Central to Everything  
COMFORT  
CUISINE  
CONVENIENCE  
PALMER HOUSE CHICAGO  
EDWARD T. LAWLESS  
Vice President

## HOTEL SHERMAN CHICAGO

HEADQUARTERS—ROTARY CLUB OF CHICAGO  
for over twenty-five years  
Luncheon on Tuesday

### LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS—ST. CHARLES. Accommodations for 1,000 guests. Direction Dinkler Hotels. John J. O'Leary, Vice-Pres. & Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$3.00 up. RM Wed., 12:15.

### MASSACHUSETTS

SPRINGFIELD—HOTEL KIMBALL. Caters to Rotarians with friendly hospitality. Convenient location—Excellent service. \$3.85 single; \$6.05-\$8.00 double. RM Fri., 12:15.

### NEW JERSEY

ATLANTIC CITY—HOTEL DENNIS. Central on the beach. Excellent table, both plans. Card-rooms. Health-baths. Truly "a resort within a resort." Walter J. Buzby, Inc.

### NEW YORK

NEW YORK CITY—BARBIZON-PLAZA. New, at Central Park (6th Ave. and 58th St.). Rates: from \$3 single, \$5 double. Continental breakfast included. Booklet RP.

NEW YORK CITY—PRINCE GEORGE HOTEL, 14 East 28th St. (near Fifth Ave.). Rotarians receive special attention. 1000 rooms with bath from \$2.50. George H. Newton, Mgr.

HOTEL  
**ROOSEVELT**  
46th St. and Madison Ave.  
Bernam G. Hines, Managing Director  
Near to every place you  
want to go in New York  
Rooms with bath from \$4.50  
DIRECT PASSAGEWAY TO GRAND CENTRAL

### NORTH CAROLINA

GREENSBORO—D. HENRY. 300 rooms. A modern hotel designed for comfort. Direction Dinkler Hotels. W. J. Black, Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$2.50 up.

### OHIO

CINCINNATI—HOTEL GIBSON. Cincinnati's largest, 1000 rooms—1000 baths. Restaurants and some guest rooms air-conditioned. Randall Davis, Gen. Mgr. RM Thurs., 12:15.

GRANVILLE—THE GRANVILLE INN & GOLF COURSE, INC. Ohio's smartest small hotel. Excellent accommodations. Eu. \$2.50 and up. 18 hole course. J. R. Young, Manager.

### PENNSYLVANIA

## BELLEVUE-STRATFORD

PHILADELPHIA  
Among the World's First  
Half Dozen Hotels



Headquarters: Rotary Club of Phila.  
Meetings held Wednesdays, 12:30

CLAUDE H. BENNETT, Gen. Mgr.

### TENNESSEE

MEMPHIS—HOTEL PEABODY. "The South's Finest—One of America's Best." 625 rooms with bath, downtown location, air-conditioned. RM Tues., 12:15.

### TEXAS

CORPUS CHRISTI—NUECES HOTEL. Excellent Cuisine. In Heart of Business District. Sensible Prices. J. E. Barrett, Manager. Eu. \$3.50 up.

### VIRGINIA

RICHMOND—THE JEFFERSON. An unusual hotel—delightful location—reasonable rates—illustrated booklet Historic Richmond gratis. Wm. C. Rorer, General Manager.

# It's "TOPS" The Nicopress METHOD OF SPLICING and DEAD-ENDING



## Linemen Who Have Used The Nicopress Method of Splicing and Dead-Ending Recommend It Unconditionally



They know that with the light, compact Nicopress Tool and Nicopress Sleeves it's a simple job to make tight, uniform splices, either in the air or on the ground.

Nicopress Splices and Dead-Ends have a strength exceeding the rated breaking strength of the conductors. The conductors will not pull out and the joints have lasting high conductivity.

Practical—economical—efficient—the Nicopress method of Splicing and Dead-Ending will deliver unsurpassed service for you as it has for others. Write for details and prices today.



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TELEPHONE SUPPLY CO.**

8100 Superior Ave., Cleveland, O., U.S.A.  
Canadian Mfr.—N. Slater Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.  
Export Distributor—International Standard Electric Corp., New York, N. Y.

## Polish Up Your Spanish on Mexico



### Little Lessons on Latin America

No. 1

THE ONLY Ibero-American Republic on the North American mainland is Mexico, whose northern border stretches 1,500 miles along the southern limit of the United States. Mexico's area of 758,258 square miles is roughly that of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, and Utah combined, but its population is some 50 percent greater than that of these States, or over 19 million.

The Conquistadors, under Cortes, who arrived in the country in 1519, found the amazingly advanced Aztec civilization.

Yucatan was the first land to be discovered by the Spanish. Hernandez de Cordova landed there in 1517.

Politically, the United States of Mexico—the official name—is divided into 28 States, a Federal District, and three Territories. The governmental organization set up by the Constitution of 1917 is patterned somewhat closely on that of the United States of America, with a bicameral Congress and a Presidential Cabinet.

The culture of Mexico is developing enormously, and is primarily purely Mexican—that is, it is of the predominant Mexican people, neither Indian nor European, but the mestizo, or mixed, race. In literature, painting, and music, Mexican contributions have been of outstanding merit.

The first printing press in America was introduced in Mexico in the 1530s (see REVISTA ROTARIA, September, 1939). The University of Mexico was founded in Mexico City in 1553—83 years before Harvard, the oldest college in the United States.

Mexico's silver and gold mines were old when Cortes arrived; they are still being worked. Other minerals exported are oil, copper, mercury, lead, and zinc. Sisal fiber, chicle, coffee, sugar, tobacco, and cotton are agricultural products.

The climate varies from warm temperate to tropical. The backbone of mountains gives a great diversity throughout. Motor roads are rapidly being built (see THE ROTARIAN, September, 1941).

The attention of readers who desire to perfect themselves in Spanish is called to REVISTA ROTARIA, Spanish-language edition of THE ROTARIAN.

LA UNICA república iberoamericana en la parte continental de Norteamérica es México, cuya frontera septentrional se extiende por 1,500 millas a lo largo de los límites meridionales de los Estados Unidos. El área de México, de 758,258 millas cuadradas, es más o menos igual a las de Tejas, Nuevo México, Arizona, California, y Utah combinadas, pero su población es como un 50 por ciento mayor que la de estos estados, o sea, de más de 19 millones.

Los conquistadores, al mando de Cortés, que llegaron al país en 1519, encontraron una civilización asombrosamente adelantada, la de los aztecas.

Yucatán fué la primer región descubierta por los españoles. Hernández de Córdoba desembarcó allí en 1517.

Políticamente, los Estados Unidos Mexicanos—el nombre oficial—están divididos en 28 estados, un distrito federal y tres territorios. La organización del gobierno, establecida por la Constitución de 1917, está diseñada en forma un tanto parecida a la de los Estados Unidos, con un congreso de dos cámaras y un gabinete presidencial.

La cultura de México está desarrollándose portentosamente, y, en lo primordial, es puramente mexicana—esto es, corresponde al tipo mexicano predominante, que no es ni indio ni europeo, sino mestizo. En literatura, pintura y música las aportaciones mexicanas han sido de gran mérito.

La primera imprenta en América se estableció en México entre 1530 y 1540 (véase REVISTA ROTARIA de septiembre de 1939). La Universidad de México se fundó en la ciudad de México en 1553—83 años antes que la de Harvard, la más antigua en los Estados Unidos.

Las minas de plata y oro de México eran antiguas cuando Cortés llegó; aun se explotan. Los otros productos minerales de exportación son petróleo, cobre, mercurio, plomo y zinc. Los productos vegetales son henequén, chicle, café, azúcar, tabaco y algodón.

El clima varía desde el templado al tropical. Las cordilleras determinan una gran diversidad en todo el país. Se construyen rápidamente carreteras pavimentadas (véase THE ROTARIAN de septiembre de 1941).

# In This Issue

Volume LX

Number 1

JANUARY, 1942

## May We Present—

FRANCIS A. KETTANEH, of Beirut, Lebanon, Director of Rotary International, who was born in Jerusalem, Palestine, and educated in German, French, and American schools in Beirut before becoming a civil engineer. He was active in road and bridge construction, and a distributor of automobiles in the Near and Middle East. Now in the United States, he is eagerly awaiting the arrival of his wife and two children, who are travelling via Iraq, Iran, and Singapore —



Kettaneh

more than halfway around the globe.

WELDON MELICK hopes he'll marry a girl who cannot cook—he's afraid he'll grow fat on home cooking! Although he has written many articles for magazines, including *THE ROTARIAN*, his *Postlude to Skiing* is also a postlude to such work. He has lately become a scenario writer.

ROTARIAN CARLOS P. ANESI, of Buenos Aires, Argentina, is a civil engineer who has been most active in good-roads construction. As president of the Argentine Auto Club, he was a delegate to the recent Fourth International Good Roads Congress in Mexico. One of the leading forces in the formation of the Inter-American Federation of Auto Clubs, he is now president of that organization.



Anesi

Both as economist and humorist, STEPHEN LEACOCK is preëminent. To ROTARIAN readers he is an old friend and a favorite contributor from the Dominion of Canada.

JULIAN S. HUXLEY, one of England's leading scientists, is also considered one of the world's leading thinkers. Lecturer and author, he has also been a ROTARIAN contributor previously.

—THE CHAIRMEN

## Debate-of-the-Month

Ceilings on Wages?

Yes! .....	Edward A. O'Neal...	16
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## A World in Flux

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Photo: Washington Daily News

# Rotarians in the **NEWS**

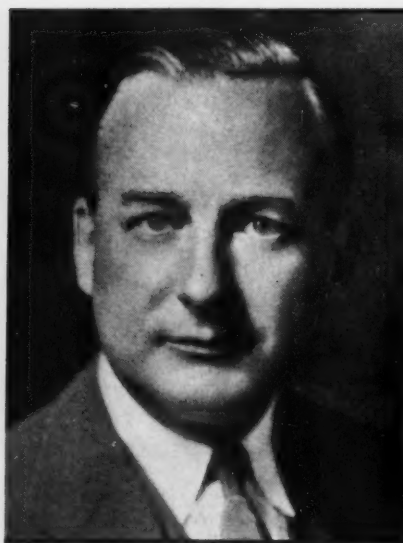
GLIDING is of more than academic interest to United States Senator Joseph Rosier, of West Virginia, a Past District Governor of Rotary International. He went up for his first sailplane ride recently. As chairman of a subcommittee of the Senate Education and Labor Committee studying the value of gliding, he wanted firsthand experience . . . and got it in a flight over Maryland in the glider in which he is shown at left. Named the *Spirit of Youth II*, the machine was built and is flown by boys of the National Youth Administration. Senator Rosier is a Past President and now an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Fairmont, W. Va. . . . Readers may be reminded of, and may want to turn back to, *Soaring on a Shoestring*, by Karl Detzer, in *The Rotarian* for December, 1939. It's apropos.

IN THE Netherlands East Indies, as elsewhere in the world, men high in government and in royalty take active interest in Rotary. His Highness the Soesoehoenan of Soerakarta (below) has accepted the honorary Presidency of the Solo, Java, Club; was an active member.



AIRPLANE Manufacturers Glenn L. Martin and James H. Kindelberger won identical salutes from air-minded Americans recently when each was elected to honorary membership in a Rotary Club—in Middle River, Md., and Inglewood, Calif., respectively.

PRESIDENTS: Franklin Moore (below left), Harrisburg, Pa.—Inter-American Hotel Association. . . . Dwight Marvin, Troy, N. Y.—American Society of Newspaper Editors.



# Businessmen, It's Up to Us!

By Francis A. Kettaneh  
Director, Rotary International, Beirut, Lebanon

*Calling politicians names doesn't help solve problems, but there are things to be done that will get results.*

**"A**FTER THE WAR we cannot return to normal living. Business must recognize social obligations and take the initiative in accepting them."

It wasn't a radical, nor a dreamer, nor a university professor of sociology who said that. It was Charles E. Wilson, the successful and realistic president of the General Electric Company. Behind those words lies an indictment of modern business, else if we had been perfect we could go on as we were.

But as businessmen, you know and I know that all has not been right amongst us. We must admit that many of us have seen in our work only an exciting, all-absorbing pursuit of profits, or, what may be more dangerous, the power that great profits bring.

Does a competitor stand in our way? Then break him, ride him down roughshod! Does an employee who has served us faithfully for years, slow down with fatigue or age? Then fire him and replace him with a man younger and cleverer. The old man's family is no concern of ours—and besides he should have saved money for such an eventuality. And has business never been guilty of sacrificing quality, even scheming to take advantage of unsuspecting buyers?

Those are stinging words. Say, if you will, that I exaggerate, but don't overlook the fact that we businessmen have permitted a minority of our fellows to carry on practices which have brought on trouble for all of us engaged in profit-making pursuits, regardless of whether we live in Australia, Asia, or America. We businessmen complain that we suffer from a suspicion of our motives, from drastic and punitive regimentation, from meddling and muddling of incompetent officials and politicians, but I rise to suggest that, collectively, the fault is our own.

If we really want our capital-

istic system to survive, with its cornerstones of free enterprise and profits, we must have the courage to examine our conduct dispassionately, admit our mistakes, and then do what is necessary to correct them.

Let us not blame government. After all, we the people have the government we deserve. How many of us will not bother to vote on election day? How many of us are so busy working for profits that we will not take the time to serve as an officer of our clubs or our chamber of commerce, or take on a thankless job for the public good in our communities?

As a Rotarian, my hat is off to our educators and clergy, for they supply 60 percent of our District Governors. But with Rotary overwhelmingly comprised of businessmen, is it to our credit that so few of us in business allow for sacrificing service to others?

Being realists, we businessmen must admit that governmental regulation and control are here to stay. But I know some men, and no doubt you do, who are sullenly hostile and seek to sabotage governmental regulation and control at every opportunity instead of cooperating. If we businessmen refuse to play our part in what is happening, then the wild-eyed gentry—the unanchored reformers and the head-in-the-clouds theoreticians—will take over. Should we then censure them—or ourselves who have opened the doors wide for them by our aloof inaction?

When we earn more than a living wage, we owe a debt to the community that has made possible that surplus. It is not paid

by signing a check, though that may help if the cause is good. The debt we owe our community can be discharged only by giving back to it of ourselves—our time, our leisure, our intelligence.

What a different place would this old world be if our successful businessmen would have enough imagination and unselfishness to turn their businesses over to the juniors and give freely of their experience and knowledge accumulated during a lifetime to the service of community and nation?

Calling the politicians names doesn't solve our problem. Nor does the passing of pious resolutions, affirming our belief in the system of private enterprise. Of course, we believe in a system in which man by hard work can earn a living and accumulate the wherewithal to enjoy life. But unless we brighten our respective corners with our individual effort, the great blackout may come.

**A**ND let us take the broad view. Our capitalistic economy has not overproduced and it is a grievous fallacy to think that it has. If we could turn all the effort and scientific acumen now devoted to mass murder and destruction into a successful effort to distribute and divide what we produce among the 2½ billion people on this planet, it would remain a wretchedly poor place still.

I started by quoting from Charles E. Wilson, and I close with more of his thought-laden words: "If business is sufficiently realistic and self-disciplined, the system of free enterprise can accomplish what the totalitarian States merely promise."







# The Americas

By  
Walter  
B.  
Pitkin

**U**NHERALDED, unnoted amid the reverberations of cannon and the clash of tanks, the world is being shaken to its roots today by the greatest *social revolution* of its history, written or unwritten.

How few people today grasp this—and are prepared for it! Yet out of the world shambles that monopolizes the front pages of the newspapers, there is crystallizing a momentous event that shall outweigh the smoldering cities and crippled men and breadlines. For it is the first immense advance toward the Great Society that will some day spread from pole to pole.

*The beginning of the world's first continental society!*

Only a continental society can bring the Great Society into being. No, not all the ingenuity of the Yankees, the business acumen of the British, nor the might of the Germans or Russians, nor the *esprit* of the Latins could accomplish that. Only North America could turn the trick.

But it required what Kipling called "the ties of common funk" to make citizens of the United States and Canada think clearly. Were it not for the threat to their standards and ways of living, they might still be dawdling along, playboys and crooners, cuties and movie stars. They might still regard man's highest goal as a million dollars at 50, hardened arteries or insulin at 60, and an obituary at 65.

Read today's paper and between the lines you'll see how that



# as Show the Way

Article Number 5 in the  
'A World to LIVE In'  
series on problems of  
post-war reconstruction.

fate has been avoided. A continental society is in the making. It sweeps through Canada and the United States, even down into Spanish-speaking Mexico and beyond. And that suggests what is even more important.

*A hemispheric, a New World, society!* It is coming—not this year, or the next, but some day, for it is in the stars.

Hitherto, the Americas have been anything but a society. They were, first of all, a sprawl of plains and swamps and mountains and deserts and green valleys. In Mexico and Peru there were indigenous civilizations that crumbled at the impact of the Conquistadors. Then the Americas were a sprawling cluster of villages and mining camps and mills that darkened the skies with smoke. Then they were a good-natured chaos of millionaires and cattle barons and gamblers and tourists and salesmen, each a rugged individualist on the make.

Here and there, small societies grew up in spots—Old Lima produced one, Old Mexico another. In turn, societies grew up about Old Quebec, Old Boston, Old Philadelphia, Old New Orleans, Old St. Louis, Old San Francisco, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires. But the continents remained something in betwixt Vanity Fair and the Balkan States—if you can locate that queer spot.

What is this strange new thing, a hemispheric society? To be quite specific, it is more than 200 million men, women, and children—



white, black, red, brown, and yellow — living somewhere between the westernmost Aleutian Island and the storm-swept cliffs of Cape Horn, working away at an infinite variety of tasks all of which contribute to that widespread and comfortable freedom which we already call the American way of life. These 200 millions are fast becoming one society as a result of discovering their common inter-

sive, bold, and ingenious? Well, along with sound heritage, climate helps a lot.\* The coolness and warmth of sun, wind, and rain affect men's enterprises profoundly.

Now, it happens—and not at all to your credit nor to mine—that the Americas possess more of these favorable influences than any single continent. One might argue that Australia has the ingredients for a continental society, and I wouldn't altogether deny that. But the land, the climate, the location, the resources, and the available power for machines in Australia are, even in the eyes of the most enthusiastic booster for "down under," incomparably inferior to those of the Americas—and must always be. Africa, Europe, and Asia—each lacks some of the Americas' immense advantages for a true continental society. A pity it is, but it is true.

Above all, it is the quality of *human power* that is swiftly turning the Americas into a new self-conscious society—a society which will influence the world through its airplanes, its fleets of freight ships, its continental highways from Alaska to Patagonia with interlinking highways East and West,\* its telephones hooking up Pablo in Bolivia with Pauline in Winnipeg.

This society will live in the wonder Age of Plastics, on whose threshold we now stand. Within the next two or three years you'll see plastic airplanes popping off assembly lines by the hundreds per day. Bodies will be one molded piece and as strong as steel. A foolproof plane will cost about \$750—and by 1960 there should be 5 million of them in the air!

To produce those plastics there will be needed trees and grasses, petroleum and turpentine, salt, natural gas, and water. Have the Americas the wherewithal? They have.

North and South America have the trees in profusion. They can grow, each year, the needed grasses and legumes. Their reserves of petroleum will last hundreds of years, and beyond that there are tarry shales in Alberta

and Texas and Argentina that will yield supplies another millennium. Natural gas goes to waste.

This sort of society can be created and managed only by the finest type of scientists, mathematicians, technologists, experimenters, and factory managers. In pre-World War II days, Canada and the United States alone had 3½ million professional and scientific workers. The Continent of Europe (and that leaves Britain out, doesn't it?) with its 500 million people had in pre-War days only 3,700,000 of these exceptional workers, of whom but 1½ million were in Germany.

But in all the Americas there were slightly more than in Europe—so that in proportion to total populations, the New World had almost *three times as many* scientists, technologists, and professionals as Europe!

A significant fact — ponder it well.

And remember these figures are real pre-War. Today the Americas have fully four—possibly even five—times as many as the Continent of Europe—again omitting Britain. Many of the best scientists, mathematicians, chemists, and managers of stricken Europe are dead or worn out or in concentration camps or without equipment for constructive research. Many technical schools have either been closed or restricted to the point of uselessness.

Some of the ruined Old World countries may perish in swift epidemic almost any day, through lack of nurses and doctors. Many boys and girls now growing up will reach the age of 20 illiterate. By 1946 the 500 million inhabitants of the starved, forlorn, desperate continent will have fallen 100 years behind the Americas.

And the good neighborhood of the Western Hemisphere will have the money to keep its men busy. Canada is digging out of her fabulous rocks more than 200 million dollars of gold every year. Most of it is piled up south of her borders. After the wars, this gold will be used to create new wealth. No prophet's eye can perceive more than a little patch of this new wealth. Even that little stuns spectators, as it stunned me on a recent 8,000-mile trip.

I've run across the amazing in-



ests, their common standards of behavior, their common methods of work, play, and human intercourse, and their common danger.

What makes a society? *Men!* The cravings of men. The teamwork of like-minded men, to get for all the things no one man can get for himself. The ideas of men who value truth above all else. The ideals of men who envision the City of God on this planet!

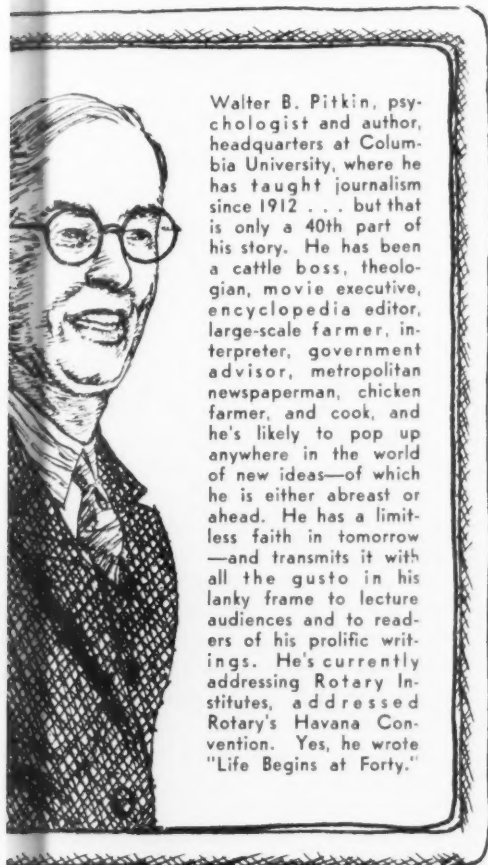
What makes a society strong? Natural resources: iron, copper, water, rich loam, tall trees, green grass. . . . And then the power from coal and from water and from petroleum and from the sun and, some day, from the atom to turn the wheels of machines.

What makes a society progres-

\* See *Rolling Down to Panama*, THE ROTARIAN, September, 1941; *Across Canada by Car*, October, 1941; *That Highway to Alaska*, November, 1941; *Roll On to Buenos Aires*, page 32, this issue.



ventions of the engineers and chemists of the Tennessee Valley Authority, who—among other things—have perfected the long-sought method of extracting alumina from ordinary clay, so that aluminum can now be made from almost every clay pit. I've watched great new generators go up, piece by piece, all over the American Continents; and I've added up the power that will pour from them in two more years. It will exceed all the rest of the power on earth.



Walter B. Pitkin, psychologist and author, headquarters at Columbia University, where he has taught journalism since 1912 . . . but that is only a 40th part of his story. He has been a cattle boss, theologian, movie executive, encyclopedia editor, large-scale farmer, interpreter, government advisor, metropolitan newspaperman, chicken farmer, and cook, and he's likely to pop up anywhere in the world of new ideas—of which he is either abreast or ahead. He has a limitless faith in tomorrow—and transmits it with all the gusto in his lanky frame to lecture audiences and to readers of his prolific writings. He's currently addressing Rotary Institutes, addressed Rotary's Havana Convention. Yes, he wrote "Life Begins at Forty."

But down in South America are huge waterfalls, ranging from Roirama's 2,000 feet through Kaietur and Iguazú and Guairá to smaller yet powerful drops throughout the scarp of the Andes, whose potential power would make the world's total today seem like a boy's toy engine.

What of atomic power? During the past year, scientists have been able to release more power from the atom than before, and great new cyclotrons are being built to whirl their magnets and pull atoms apart and cut loose their locked energies.

The future of the Americas is linked up with the future of that

atomic power. Already, U-235, the special form of uranium from which minute quantities of the potential atomic energies have been extracted, holds the key to future power in immeasurable quantities. But to get U-235 you must have uranium—and the Americas contain the two greatest supplies of pitchblende, the ore from which it (and radium) comes.\*

In my travels and retravels throughout the Americas, I have seen power that is and power soon to be, power that can be soon and power that will certainly be some day, but nowhere have I seen a more dramatic promise of power than in the U-235 research in the laboratories.

I've watched giant fertilizer plants double and redouble their daily output of nitrates from the air and phosphoric acid from solid rocks, pushing onward toward the day, still some distance in the future, when the Americas will be able to double the yields of all our good earth and make the finest foods as cheap as the dirt wherein it grew.

I can take you to one huge laboratory in the United States where a cautious scientist will, if you wheedle him long enough, admit that his company has more than 20 inventions all perfected to the last degree and all ready for use when war work is done.

"And each of these 20," adds the little man, "will revolutionize at least one industry!"

Let philosophers cogitate on the "rights of man" and diplomats prate about "world unity." While they shuttle about in the grooves of their theories, the practical man of science and business is creating that of which they dream. He does it not by miracles, but by the natural processes whereby all societies have come to be: by the drawing together of men for reasons of the moment—economic welfare, security, during which they discover old cultural affinities and create new ones.

New political relationships among the nations will follow as a matter of natural sequence. They always do. Perhaps the economic and social imperatives will be met by simple treaties. A tariff

\* See *Canada, Land of Gold and Radium*, by James Montagnes, August, 1939, *ROTARIAN*.

union may be required. Even a League of the Americas has been suggested. It's futile at this moment to prophesy precisely what the intergovernmental liaison will be, but you can be sure of this: its form will be determined by its function as the peoples concerned understand what its functions should be.

There's a certain inevitability about it all. In North America, forces have been loosed as irresistible as the tide old Canute could not stem. They are bringing peoples together in the world's first continental society.

It is a start. It will grow.

Progressively, as time marches on, will emerge the hemispheric society of the Americas. Then, *some day*, the Great Society.

That is a look far into the future. The question now is this: Shall we let events buffet us, or shall we be ready for them?

Here, my friends, is something to think about as we look ahead to the day when peace comes and we pick up the pieces and start to build anew.

*Ah, you say, but Pitkin forgot that— . . . Whether you agree or not is beside the main point. This article like others in the "A World to LIVE In" series fails if it doesn't set you to reviewing your own ideas about problems that start when peace comes. Further to prime your mental pump, here's an open letter from the Chairman of Rotary International's Committee on Research As to Participation of Rotarians in Post-War World Reorganization.—Eds.*

## A Job for Rotarians

**By Walter D. Head**

*Past President, Rotary International*

**T**WENTY-THREE years ago an armistice was signed to stop the war which was to end all wars. Yet today many millions of people are once more engaged in war and the world is in turmoil.

Men of goodwill hope that from the ruins of the present conflict will arise a new and better method of international coöperation, one which will result in enduring peace. But merely to hope is not sufficient; we must begin now to plan for the post-war period.

In several score nations the men of goodwill [*Continued on page 54*]





Illustrations by  
Ray Inman

**T**HE beginning of my downfall was an article by Paul Gallico describing skiing as a superman thrill that mortals have snatched from the gods. I became more and more "ski-unconscious" as I left a trail of nose prints on every sports-shop window in town. Finally I broke out in a rash—I can think of no more appropriate word—of snowplows, stem turns, and open christies.

After four more short-wave treatments I'll be able to unwrap my foot and wear a shoe again, though my podiatrist will still own a sizable equity in my left ankle. I can hardly wait till I'm able to kick myself.

It was the economy of the sport that got me. I had seen skis advertised for \$1.50, and I envisioned a maximum of fun without the outlay, upkeep, or membership fees of most sports. Just \$1.50 and you're off!

You're off, all right, if you think you can ski without boots, bindings, poles, water-resistant parka, pants, gloves, cap, snow glasses, tow grip, and waxes. Of course, you don't *have* to buy clothes that

snow won't stick to. There's nothing to prevent you from costuming yourself in woolen sweaters and ordinary trousers for the greatest rôle of the season—as the core of a snowball. You may even get a contract, if a scout for the street-cleaning department sees your performance.

As to answering any ad for \$1.50 skis, I can advise you that the store will be out of them, unless they're an advertising special made of matchwood and not guaranteed against warping in a stiff breeze. However, the clerk will be delighted to show you some hickory skis with metal edges and cable bindings for about \$30.

My investment grew to well over \$100, including red-flannel underwear, before I set foot in the snow, but I could still have saved three months' rent if I had stopped right there and nailed the skis to the wall of my hobby room. In my original \$1.50 estimate of the cost of being a superman, I forgot to include train fare, hotel, taxi, tow fees, ski lessons, and doctor bills.

The next problem was to find

## By Weldon Melick

someone to go with. Most of my friends, I discovered, were born in California and have to put on a sweater when they open the ice-box. But I have a kid sister in Princeton, New Jersey, whose hobby is collecting hobbies. She had been in the throes of photography for several months and was ripe for new conquests. I had only to mention skiing.

We decided on the Catskills. I went up Friday night and she was to join me Sunday noon. I had been assured that ski technique was quickly learned under a good instructor—ten one-hour lessons and you could solo. It would be fun, I mused, to get up early Saturday, take ten lessons, and be a finished skier by the time Mildred arrived.

On the snow train I glanced at a skiing booklet a fellow in the next seat loaned me, but I was giddy with anticipation and could scarcely see the words. I had felt the same buoyant excitement before my first transcontinental airplane trip. The train barely kept up with me as I floated toward Mount Olympus.

There was something in the booklet about a true lover of the sport dying with his skis on, so I tossed it aside and began to read a paper. A Hollywood dispatch reported that So-and-So had broken his right ankle in a ski spill at Badger Pass, and that five other stars had been rendered *hors de combat* on skis. Suddenly I began to contemplate the virtues of chess, and wondered whether a diversion that panders

# STILL WIDE To Skiing

to physical sensation, neglecting the mental processes, is really worthy of one's time. A man's a fool to let his brain stagnate, I reasoned.

One merry group on the train had a toboggan, and it occurred to me that sledding might be good fun, if skiing, with its intellectual limitations, began to pall. The hickory fraternity is very friendly—strangers on skis usually meet too abruptly to stand on formality. So I found myself figuratively embracing the toboggan crowd like a long-lost brother. It seems they didn't use the sled for amusement, though. One of them explained, "Somebody always breaks a leg, and it's hard to get him down the mountain on a stretcher, so we thought up the stunt of tying ropes to a toboggan. Slick?"

"The nice thing about skiing," another one laughed, with what I considered a disjointed sense of humor, "is you've always got a pair of splints right with you." . . .

"In skiing, do the opposite of what your senses tell you to do," the instructor emphasized. "When you're turning on a hill, lean away from the hill instead of hugging it as you would on a bicycle. When you want to turn right, throw your hips over your left ski and follow with your shoulders. Knees together and feet out!"

I got the general idea that you have to be definitely off your balance to become a skier. And knock-kneed. I followed the instructions as best I could under the handicap of having my legs on the wrong feet for a knock-kneed norm. When I wanted to turn right, I threw my shoulders over my left hip, or vice versa, and had to go back for them.

My technique was perfect, but not for skiing. My jerked christie would have passed for a dou-

ble gainer and split, my pole turns ended in barrel rolls, and my snowplow was just a line plunge in disguise. I could never hope to do a figure eight on skates, but with skis I did Roman tens all over the place. I began to conclude that skiing was about as sedentary a pastime as chess.

With the impatient eagerness of a novice, I was continually trying to explore two ski trails at once, with consistent results—a conglomeration of physiology and forestry turning slowly like a barbecued hog on a spit, until some Samaritan set me free.

The snow acted as a sort of padded cell—where there was snow. But mostly it had started to thaw the day before and frozen in the night to a crust of solid ice, and several hundred skiers weren't helping the situation by

polishing it with cravenetted gabardine. A few bruises are all right in their place, but when you start bruising the bruises, it seems to me a sport passes into the realms of pathology. Why people will spend \$30 to \$50 and waste two full days going several hundred miles out of their way just to fall off a hill is something I can't quite fathom. It wouldn't be nearly so complicated just to stay home and take turns jumping down the elevator shaft.

But I wouldn't give up. The Melicks have their pride.

Whoever said skiing was the invention of a Laplander would certainly flunk an elementary anatomy course. A hidden twig, a deceptive hollow, and you're up-ended, your skull caroming off icy boulders, one wooden obelisk, with foot at half mast, marking



"I LISTENED to the conversation. . . . 'My arm ought to be out of the sling in four weeks.'"

your frozen Waterloo, its mate travelling blithely on down the hill, with leg attached. I know now why skiing is recommended for reducing. You never see a fat skier—and no wonder: it's the quickest way you ever heard of to scrape off a few pounds around the hips. I felt certain I would have several splintered bones to pick with Mr. Gallico if I got back to civilization alive.

After herringboning and side-stepping up the beginner's slope several million times more or less—and I'm the guy who waits ten minutes for an elevator to the second floor—I bought a ski-tow ticket in desperation. The first time I clamped onto the tow rope, I heard a loud crack as I was thrown for a ten-yard gain, and thought surely I had shattered a ski. But it was only my shoulder.

Getting back down the hill was not so easy. If you've ever stood in the Empire State tower and contemplated returning to Fifth Avenue on a beam of light, you know how I felt as I looked at the panorama below, and then at my coffin-shaped ski boots laid out neatly on wooden slabs. My stem christie, which I had finally managed on the mild school slope, refused to function on what looked like a sheer drop to eternity, and I completely traversed the face of the hill—faster, faster, frozen to the controls, headed straight for a clump of bushes, and inanely calling for help!

Again helplessly impaled on my tangled skis like a martyr at the stake, I couldn't budge either extremity. My right foot was due west of my left ear—I couldn't have kicked that high on a bet. I failed to see any evidence of another leg, but I had definite sensations in every inch of its former length, and in several recently added inches.

My fear that I would be seen in this ludicrous position was only superseded by the fear that I wouldn't be seen. There wasn't another ski track in sight. I had a momentary terror of starving there in the wilds undiscovered, like two stags with their antlers inextricably locked. Or freezing to death with perfectly good firewood to the right of me, to the left of me, over and under me, but no way to chop it off my feet.

I finally wriggled my torso to a position where I could loosen the cable binding and release one wrenched foot and then the other. Putting the skis together and sitting thereon, I thundered down the hill like the Broadway Limited, yelling "Track Four!", unable in my exhausted condition to distinguish between ski and golf vernacular.

I am forced to admit that sledging isn't such good fun—in a pinch. I hobbled into the clubhouse massaging the offended part, and told the attendant I wanted to check my skis and poles. "Leave them outside anywhere," he said. "Nobody has ever stolen a pair of skis here yet."

I could understand that. . . .

"Have you been on skis very



"THERE'S nothing to prevent you from costuming yourself . . . for the greatest rôle of the season—as the core of a snowball."

often?" a lean-faced husky at the hotel asked me that night while I waited for him to dress for dinner.

"Not today," I admitted. "How about you?"

"Not a scratch," he said proudly, "but then I've been skiing for years." He peeled off his shirt, revealing full football armor.

"Notre Dame, '32," he mentioned apologetically.

"If you carry your lunch in that rucksack," I remarked, "it must be predigested by the time you need it, if what I've learned about skiing today is true."

"You may as well know all," he said sheepishly, shaking the rucksack and disgorging—a pillow! "For a sit-down strike," he said.

I was up early Sunday morning. I couldn't sleep anyway. The unsophisticated construction

of a jellyfish seems enviable when all your muscles ache at once. You call a bellboy to close your window. You drop a \$5 bill and consider leaving it on the floor. If you have a \$5 bill to drop, you're new to skiing. From habit, you walk with the new streamlined aerodynamic stance—in other words, crouched like an octogenarian, and feeling more so.

I had left my skis right on the slope overnight, to test the highly touted honesty of these Old Hickory worshippers. I approached the spot with great faith and optimism.

My skis were still there!

I listened to the conversation as skiers gathered.

"Well, my arm ought to be out of the sling in four weeks—then we'll try the Laurentians."

"How'll we get Jim home?"

"Simple—they always have ambulances waiting for the excursion trains. They furnish wheel chairs and stretchers."

"Poor Margaret—did you ever hear of such luck? She dreamed someone crashed into her—she banged her head against the bedstead and dislocated three vertebrae."

And as a sorry-looking specimen plunged over a precipice and crashed with a splintering of ash at the feet of a brittle blonde—"Ooh—manna from heaven!"

I spent the morning in the clubhouse drinking cokes. Only when I heard the Sunday train pulling in did I rouse myself to clamp on my skis and attempt an expression of beatific exhilaration. I spotted Mildred six cars away. She had on a jaunty blue ski jacket trimmed in red leather, smart gray downhill pants and white boots, red and white cap and knapsack to match, snow and sun visor, and Alpine mittens.

"How do I look?" she greeted me. "I shopped all day yesterday for the outfit."

"You look swell," I admired, "but where are your skis?"

Her face clouded with disappointment. "Oh, heck," she said. "I knew there was something I forgot to get! But I've got my C i n é - K o d a k and some Kodachrome, and my Leica and Rolleiflex in the knapsack—I'll take pictures of *you* skiing!"

My kid sister is no dope.



# Father Played All the Notes

By William L. Stidger

Clergman and Columnist.

About a man who was ever among 'the faithful few'—  
in Rotary, at church, in business—by his admiring son.



**W**HEN my dear old father was living, he would no more have thought of missing a Rotary meeting in Moundsville, West Virginia, than he would have thought of missing a meal or a night's sleep.

After I grew up and left home, I used to go back once in a while to speak to the Rotary Club, and on these occasions they would seat my father at the head table, and the President would always rise and introduce me by telling of Father's unsullied and unbroken attendance record of more than 20 years.

The Moundsville Rotary Club was organized in May, 1919. My father became a member in December, and up to the time of his last illness he had a perfect attendance record. Everybody called him "Pop." My occasional speeches at the Moundsville Club were pretty easy to do, because after the chairman's introduction there was only one subject to talk about, and that was my father's service to the community. He was a perfect Rotarian, by all Four Objects of the organization.

**H**E WAS just as faithful in his church obligations as he was to Rotary. With a clear tenor voice, he sang in the choir for 40 years. Every once in a while he would make a fainthearted effort to resign from the choir and leave the job of leadership to some younger man, but they never would let him go. He loved the old hymns, and used to play them gloriously on a wheezy little organ that we had at home. If there was somebody else to play the organ, he would get out his flute, which he handled beautifully.

His prayer-meeting attendance was just as faithful as his Rotary attendance, although the church never saw fit to make anything of it, and never gave him any pins or medals or testimonial dinners. Of course, he didn't expect it. He would as soon have sought ap-

proval for his regular church-going as he would for loving his wife and children. The point is, he did attend. He was unfailingly on hand when the doors opened, and he and the janitor were always the last to go.

The Boy Scouts was another organization that claimed a similar devotion from him. One of the Scoutmasters wrote to me after his death: "Our records show that he never missed a meeting unless he was sick."

When my mother died, he had the responsibility of taking full care of five children. On Sundays he used to dress us all up in our Sunday best, take us to church, and plant us proudly in the family pew, while he made his way to the choir. He didn't send us to church—he brought us!

About a year after his death I happened again to be in Moundsville on Rotary day, and again I was called on to speak. We had an empty chair at the head table in memory of my father, and the President's introductory address was pretty much what it had always been.

I had just been in New York for a few days, and I told my audience about a musical play which I had seen there, which included a popular song entitled *Johnny One-Note*. The song told about a boy who could play only one note, talk only one theme, walk on one leg, wear but one tie, tell but one story. Hence his nickname, Johnny One-Note.

Many organizations, including the church, have a certain number of members who are quite like Johnny One-Note. Every preacher, for instance, is familiar with the once-a-year churchgoer.

The church's Johnny One-Note would, of course, readily admit that the once-a-year system would be a very inefficient one if applied to his business affairs. If he went to his office only once a year, he would soon find his business in

a pretty mess. Even once-a-month attendance on business would leave his affairs in a rather misty and obscure atmosphere. Moreover, if you suggested that he start off for a walk with only one leg working, he would look upon you as crazy.

And yet that is exactly the way that some of our strange fellows deal with their church and organizational obligations.

**I** USED to have a prominent parishioner who attended church only once a year, and actually expected both his family and his minister to congratulate him for that feat of fellowship and worship. He would parade down the aisle of the church, wearing a pious look that seemed to suggest the angels should be singing a special Gloria because of his annual visit. Then on Monday he would go to his office and boast of his church attendance.

When this man—whom I used to call privately "Brother Once-a-Year"—walked down the aisle toward a front seat on this annual pilgrimage of his, he even used to glance up at me with a "How'm I doing?" look in his benign eyes. He wanted approval. And, oddly enough, he got it! For this reason: a preacher knows that his church is a hospital, and that Brother Once-a-Year, of all people in his membership, is the one who needs the church most. Therefore he dare not bear an unkindly attitude toward him.

In telling this story to the Moundsville Rotary Club, I came back inevitably to the man they all remembered so well, and his remarkable record of Rotary attendance. Comparing him to Johnny One-Note, I said:

"Whether in church or Rotary, his principles and performance were exactly like the way he used to play the old bellows organ in the parlor at home—he played *all the notes!*"



Photo: Allison-Lighthall

## Yes! . . . Mr. O'Neal

**A**ERICAN labor groups have been unanimously against the imposition of wage ceilings. Their main argument is that labor is not a commodity, and that it would be an infringement on human rights to bring the matter of wage rates under Government control. They say they don't want to submit to that kind of regimentation. That is high-sounding argument, but if farmers and industrialists submit to price control, they too are giving up human rights. The masses of labor, the 30 million who are not organized, are not making unreasonable demands. A Gallup poll recently showed that 62 percent of laborers were willing to have their wages kept where they are if prices of what they buy are also kept where they are.

As a matter of fact, nearly everybody else is regimented, whether he knows it or not. Industry is regimented through priorities, and the time is at hand when thousands of factories will be virtually put out of business because they can't get raw materials. That is an invasion of human rights too, if you want to consider it as such.

The farmer's prices represent his wage rates. The farmer cannot understand why his labor is not just as sacred as the labor of

# Ceilings on Wages?

*What is inflation? What can be done to curb it in the United States? Expert economists aired those questions in November. Leon Henderson and Bernard M. Baruch discussed price controls last month. Now, it's wages. The debate-of-the-month for February will be on profit limitation.—Eds.*

EDWARD A. O'NEAL has since 1921 been with the American Farm Bureau, organized in 39 States and Puerto Rico, has been its president since 1931. He operates a 1,900-acre plantation in Alabama, his native State. He has served three Presidents, was chosen the South's "Man of the Year" in 1939 by the "Progressive Farmer" for his farm leadership.

a man employed in a factory. He works just as hard, and his income depends on his labor with his hands. If the emergency created by the defense program requires the farmer to submit to limitation of the return he receives from his labor in growing wheat, then it would seem no more than fair that the man who grinds the wheat or bakes the flour into bread should also be required to submit to limitations on the wages he receives for his work.

Farmers can't understand how the Government can keep the price of a commodity from soaring unless there is some way of limiting the cost of the labor that produces that commodity. Certainly any price authority, in fixing the maximum price for a commodity, must take into consideration the costs that enter into production. In nearly every industry, labor costs constitute the bulk of the cost of production, and if labor costs are allowed to rise to inflation levels, then the cost of the finished products will rise correspondingly. Under such conditions, how can such a price-control law prevent an inflation spiral?

If you allow wage increases to go on unchecked, you are sure to have prices follow each wage increase as day follows night. You will have a continuous game of leapfrog that will end in inflation, and in all probability labor will find that its higher wages will buy no more than the original wage bought before the leaping began. As Bernard M. Baruch said in his

testimony on the bill: "The way to see that agriculture and labor do not lose out in the inflationary race with living costs is not to seek special advantage for agriculture and labor over the other contestants, but to prevent the race and adjust inequalities."

Mr. Baruch speaks out of his vast experience on the War Industries Board during the first World War, and there is no man in the United States who should be listened to with greater respect on these matters.

Agriculture is willing, not only for the national interest, but also for its own long-time interest, to forego any speculative returns that might come from unrestrained inflation of prices, and it believes that labor ought to do likewise. We agree, of course, that wage rates ought to be fair, and in the administration of any system of control we would insist that consideration should be given to increased cost of living and to wage rates that are unfair. Farmers believe in parity for themselves, and they believe in parity for the other fellow. They know that the nation cannot make the progress it is capable of making unless there is fair economic balance among groups.

**T**HERE IS another reason for avoiding inflation, and it is a reason that may be more important than all the others because it involves the future peace of the entire world. After the war the United States will be forced to assume the leadership of the democracies in world affairs. That means that it must trade with the other democracies, and it will not be able to trade with them on an inflated price level. If American prices for industrial goods and other products are so high that other nations cannot buy them,

then world reconstruction will be simply a beautiful dream that will not come true. There is more at stake here than most people realize, but Americans simply must understand these things if their country is to win the peace.

America's abundance of food and fiber is a powerful weapon. It cannot be used with maximum effectiveness as a weapon if prices are inflated to unreasonable levels. Agricultural abundance may well prove to be the deciding factor in preserving freedom for this generation and for the generations to come.

Some people argue to the effect that if you keep agriculture, labor, and industry in a condition of economic balance, then it does not matter if the level of that balance is a high-price level or a low-price level. That is perhaps the most seductive of all arguments for inflation. The trouble with it is that it neglects entirely the millions of people who must live on fixed incomes. There are millions of Federal, State, county, and municipal employees—police-men, firemen, public-school teachers, for example—widows living on annuities, old-age pensioners, plus armies of clerks and unorganized workers, and so on. Incredible hardships will be visited upon these groups if the general price level becomes inflated. It will endanger the actual value of millions of life-insurance policies and savings-bank accounts. "Except for human slaughter and maiming and all that goes with them," says Mr. Baruch, "inflation is the most destructive of the consequences of war."

A witches' brew of all the ingredients of inflation is already in the pot—rapidly increasing employment, advancing wages, a bigger national income than we have enjoyed for years, curtailment in production of consumers' goods, a policy of get-the-job-done-at-any-cost in the armament field, rapidly rising farm income, and a general tendency toward freer spending by individuals. The only thing that has prevented an inflation in the stock market is the fear of taxation. If the brakes are not applied, carefully and judiciously but firmly, it is almost certain that an inflationary spiral will develop very shortly. The only agency

**WILLIAM GREEN** started on his career as labor leader in 1900 as an officer of the United Mine Workers of America, was elected president of the American Federation of Labor in 1924. He wrote the workmen's compensation law for Ohio—his own State—received the Roosevelt Memorial Association's gold medal (in 1930) for distinguished service in promotion of industrial peace.

that can prevent it is the Federal Government, and the Federal Government will probably be helpless without additional authority from Congress in the form of a price-control law that will really control.

If Congress passes a bill without teeth in it, one that leaves out of it one of the most dangerous factors in bringing about inflation, Congress will have to shoulder the responsibility for having failed to take drastic action in time to prevent the hurricane. In this time of national peril it will be unfortunate if there isn't enough statesmanship in Congress to place the national welfare above the pressure of the inflation bloc and a few favored groups by putting through a price-control measure that will really control.

## No! . . . . Mr. Green

**A**MERICA'S greatest internal enemy today is inflation. The battle to defend democracy cannot be won if the nation's economic system is thrown into chaos by runaway prices. Because of the sudden industrial upheaval caused by the shift from production for peacetime needs to production for national defense, chaotic inflation is now a direct threat. Living costs have jumped almost 10 percent within a year and, unless something is done to control the upward spiral, another 10 percent boost in prices is likely by next Spring.

The American Federation of Labor is determined to do everything within its power not to let this calamity occur. Every jump in prices is a blow to the pocket-book of American workers and their families. It is likewise a blow to industry. Labor will not sit idly by while the American standard of living is being undermined.

In considering this problem and in formulating a constructive policy to prevent inflation, the



Photo: Acme

American Federation of Labor is not moved by selfish motives, but by a patriotic resolution to find the best way out for the entire nation.

We favor the adoption of Federal legislation to control prices. We believe that this legislation should remain in force only for the duration of the emergency. We feel that it should apply solely to the prices of commodities and rents. Wages—and profits as well—should be specifically excluded from the measure.

The real need is for a ceiling on basic products and materials which are essential to the well-being of the American people and to the promotion of the national-defense program. Legislation should be designed to prevent the prices of these products and materials from getting out of line. It is unnecessary to freeze all prices since many commodities are so abundant that normal prices are assured.

Certainly there is no justification for the imposition of ceilings on wages. This would be a contradiction of the principles of American democracy and a violation of practical commonsense.

It has long been written into the law of the land that "the labor of a human being is not a commodity or article of commerce." To treat the labor of human beings on a par with [Continued on page 55]





UNDER THE PLOW and harrow, often "manned" by a pretty "land girl" from the city, many an old English baronial estate is becoming a grain field or vegetable patch. . . . But the transplantation of city children in the country is a change of vaster import. The toddlers below are among 500 well housed on one estate.

EXCLUSIVE ETON carries on with its schoolboy scholars and so —but rough going confronts England's "public schools," and many fail to the State, for war is thinning out the rich who maintain. This, the author says, may unify the "dual . . . class-ridden" system.

Photos: (above left) Acme; (above) PIX; (below) Fox from British



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# BRITAIN *in Transition*

By Julian S. Huxley *Distinguished British Biologist and Author*

**W**HEN Parliament in 1864 discussed a sixpence-in-the-pound (U. S. equivalent: \$2.50 per \$100) income tax, many were the headshakings in Britain\*; today there are British people whom taxation leaves with very little over sixpence in the pound.

If the war continues for more than another financial year, there will be very few really rich people left; the rich will be merely well-to-do, the renter and the country gentleman will have virtually ceased to exist, and the whole economic stratification of Britain will have been altered, its top layers, in particular, being very much compressed.

This is going to have all sorts of effects, one of the most important being in the field of education. Many public† schools will be unable to carry on, as there will not be enough parents able to pay the fees. The situation, in fact, is already fairly acute, and numerous proposals have been put forward, ranging from the complete

abolition of the public schools and their tradition to their complete taking over by the State.

I prophesy that we shall take the middle way, and that an increasing number of public schools will come into the State system, with perhaps 50 percent "free places" and the rest filled on merit and not merely on a parent's ability to pay fees. If so, the war will have at last unified our present dual and class-ridden system and turned the public schools into training grounds for the elite of the nation.

The improved health of *évacué* children is likely to lead to another educational reform—some provision for town children to spend part of each year in the country, whether in special school camps or by exchanges between town and country schools.

Finally, the need for pre-service training, coupled with the success of various youth movements, has made it pretty certain that some education (though doubtless not of the traditional formal kind) will be made universal up to 18. A similar beginning has been made with a unification of the nation's medical services. Again, we are

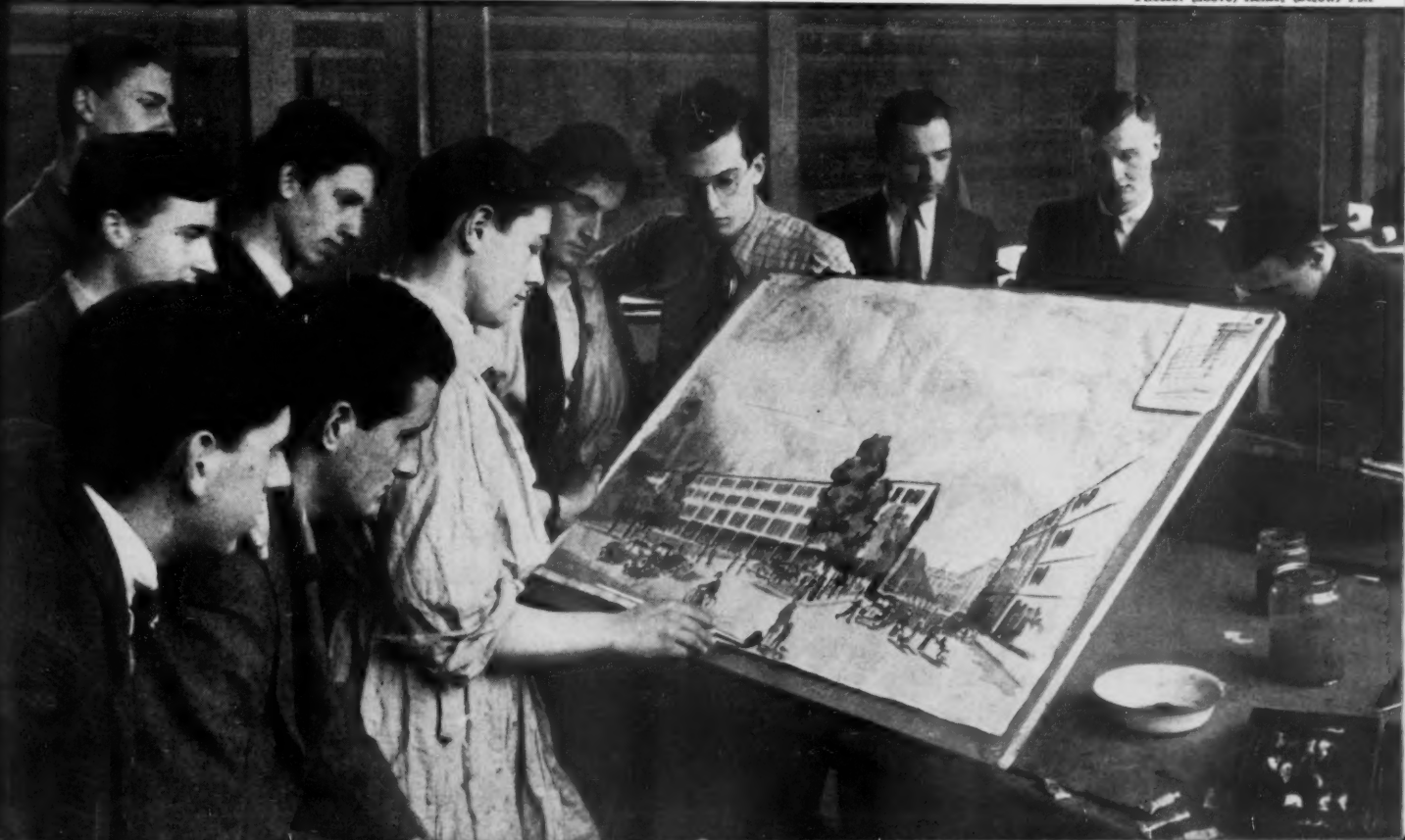


A PEER'S DAUGHTER becomes a machinist . . . in this new, less classbound Britain. But the woman worker raises one problem: Will a soldier replace her at war's end? . . . Even while the bombs scream down, young architects, like these (below) in Liverpool, replan cities.

Photos: (above) Aetne; (below) PIX

\* William Ewart Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer at that time. Britain's first income tax was imposed in 1799 under William Pitt the Younger.

† The so-called public schools in England are those the American calls "private schools," usually endowed.





most unlikely to embark on a uniform pattern of State medicine, but probably more and more of our hospitals and medical men will become more and more "mixed up" with a State health service.

Meanwhile dock laborers have become salaried State servants; unemployment and health insurance has been extended to cover a large proportion of the black-coated workers; agricultural wages have been raised by about 50 percent; the facilities for obtaining free and cheap milk have been more than doubled.

The extension of the cheap-milk scheme is part of something much bigger—a change in the nation's dietetic habits and dietetic policy. Rationing is forcing people to eat less and to take to new kinds of food; so far both changes have, on the whole, been beneficial. Communal feeding also makes better diet easier to obtain, as well as freeing women from much house-

hold drudgery. If it has come to stay on a large scale, it means a big social change.

The higher wages of agricultural laborers are part of the greater attention paid to the land as a source of food supply. This time there seems little chance of the land slipping back into public neglect when the war is over. That will mean not merely the encouragement of certain crops, but the encouragement of the rural community in general, perhaps less by means of higher wages and cash returns than by improved social amenities and services in the countryside.

The idea of planning is firmly entrenched at the center of British life today. Somehow, it is clear, we intend to find out how to reconcile efficiency and planning with freedom and democracy.

It means a big upset of many traditional ideas to move on from the permissive, advisory (and largely quite ineffective) planning

we have had in the past to something positive and constructive. However, things are tending slowly but surely in that direction, and I think it safe to say that enemy air raids will have given this country a central planning authority, which will really plan to prevent inefficiency and ugliness, and to make life run more smoothly, in more attractive surroundings.

The changes in Britain during the past two years constitute British adjustment to the wholly new situation, political and economic and social, in which the world finds itself. The adjustment is typically British in striking out a line of its own.

Before the war most thinking people would have said that the choice lay eventually between two types of revolution—toward communism or other extreme form of socialism, on the one hand, and toward fascism, on the other. But if we go on moving in our present direction, we shall have by-passed both fascism and communism and have embarked on an era of democratic planning which is neither socialist nor capitalist in the customary sense.

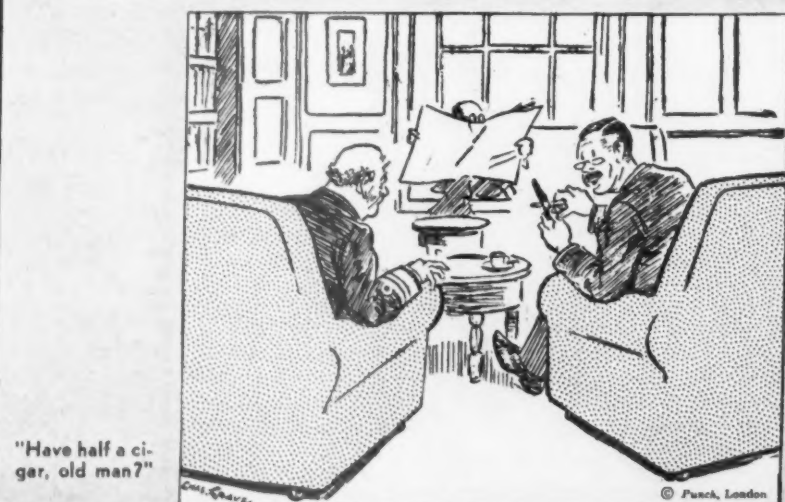
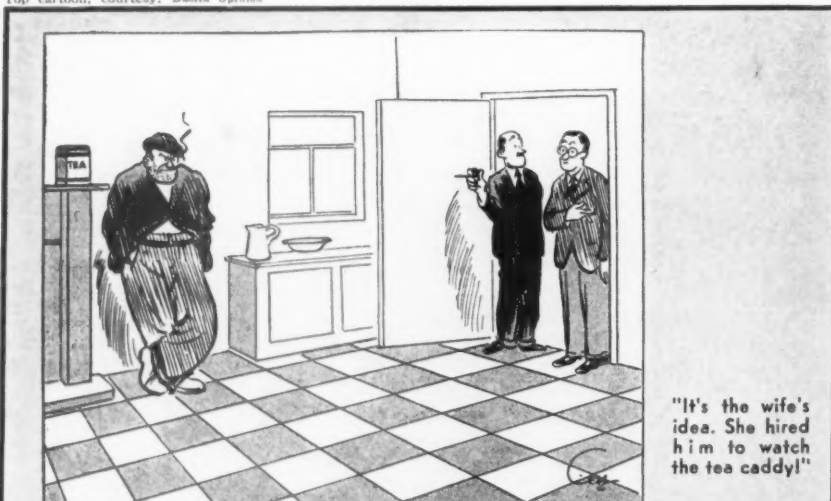
"Compromise," the doctrinaires will sneer. But it will not be the first time that the English have been able to find a successful middle-way solution between two apparently inevitable alternatives.

#### Now, to Thumb Back—

With the scientist's traditional objectivity, Dr. Huxley has told what war is doing to the people of his Britain, which is one of the major stories of this day. And it is one which earlier articles in *THE ROTARIAN* have chronicled, with similar objectivity, as it grew. First of those articles was *Life in Wartime Britain*, by Ivor Brown, July, 1940. Then came *British Rotary in Wartime*, by T. A. Warren and R. E. Coombe, August, 1940. *Britain in Social Transition*, by Ernest Bevin, February, 1941, added labor's point of view. *On Britain's Home Front*, March, 1941, shined still another facet.

Two features in June, 1941, enriched the study: *Britain Finds Its Soul*, by T. A. Warren (he is Rotary's First Vice-President); and *Margaret Goes to the Country*, a pictorial on slum children in wartime. *Fatigue and the War Worker*, by Lord Londonderry, K.G., August, 1941, followed. And in the November, 1941, issue Rotary's President, Tom J. Davis, told of Rotary in Britain in his article, *My Clipper Trip to England*.—Eds.

Top cartoon, courtesy, *Dublin Opinion*





# We Canadians

By Stephen Leacock  
Canadian Educator and Author

**T**HE POPULATION of Canada at first sight looks decidedly mixed. Statistics give the impression that the country is more heterogeneous in race than any other in the world. But statistics, not even the admirable compilations of the Dominion Bureau at Ottawa, Ontario, never tell the whole truth. This apparent racial dissimilarity arises in part from the fact that the Canadian Government carefully keeps track of the "racial origin" of all the inhabitants—their "original" origin, so to speak; not where they were yesterday, but where they have been since the Flood.

Other nations do not do this. In England the people have been mixed up since the Saxons, but they're too proud to refer to it. The United States, like a wise alma mater, prefers to forget the early racial origins of its children; they are all Americans, like the saints in heaven. It's the same with other nations. South America lost track long ago. Asia never kept any statistics; the Turks, with no census till 1927, thought them wicked. In Europe at large the earlier strata of races were overwhelmed, centuries ago, under waves of language. Only truthful Canada struggles bravely on, declaring that once a Finn means always a Finn, and acknowledging about 50,000 of them.

Our statistics of population distinguish—besides the British and the French, and the Indians and the Eskimos, who had no origin, being aboriginal—as many as 28 kinds of racial origins. Here appear in the estimated 11½ million



INDIAN

Woodlands—Plains



West Coast



ESKIMO



Frenchmen first settled Canada (Quebec, 1608). . . . Today their heirs number over 3 million, and are a rich folk

of our people, half a million Germans, a quarter million each of Scandinavians and Ukrainians, over 160,000 each of Dutch, Jews, and Poles, with a lesser following of non-German Austrians, Belgians, Italians, Finns, Russians, and at the tail end a sort of stop-the-press lot of 30,000 who couldn't be classified.

This mixture of population is, of course, at a minimum in old Canada and at a maximum in the Northwest. Prince Edward Island, whose population is 83 percent British and 15 percent French, holds the record for unity of origin. Alberta, with 42 percent of its people of origins other than British or French, holds the record in the other direction.

Our Canadian census taken in 1941 has not yet been classified. But advance calculations indicate that we may take the figures of 1931 with a 15 percent increase and be very near the truth. We look, I admit, at first sight a mixed lot,

especially in the Northwest. Winnipeg in 1931 published three German papers, two Swedish, two Norwegian, two Polish, one Czech, one Greek, one Russian, one Hungarian, three Icelandic, two Yiddish, and seven Ukrainian.

But this heterogeneous aspect begins to dissolve on a nearer view. In reality Canada is, and is proving itself in wartime, a united country of single-minded purpose. All the racial origins, with few exceptions, turn out to be just different ways of being a Canadian. Diversified, of course, the life of the country must be. Its vast extent gives it half a dozen climates, the fog and the sea salt of the Atlantic coast; the great Province of Quebec, arctic in Ungava and never milder than New England; western Ontario with its Niagara fruit farms in the latitude of Spain, the Prairies a close second to dear old Moscow, and then far, far away the soft climate and the fertile valleys of British Columbia. Hence

variation there must be. Even when the centuries shall have worked out on us their biological will, they can never evolve us into a single physical type of Canadian.

But now approach the situation, not from statistics, but from history and see how the forces making for unity gradually coalesce. We may leave out the aborigines. They numbered, as specially enumerated in 1939, about 118,000. This includes: the Indians and half-breeds of Eastern Canada, something not far from 50,000; about as many on the plains; and in British Columbia, nearer to the original source of supply, about 24,000. Outside of this are the 6,500 Eskimos happy on the ice.

The broad division of population in Canada historically, geographically, and culturally is that of the French and the British. At Confederation in 1867 the French formed about one-third of the whole population. Even now in

For a view of the picturesque, of an individualism still rugged,

Canada points to her French farmer







probably twice that many Canadians can trace their ancestral roots to England, Scotland, Wales, or Ireland.

spite of the enormous immigration into Canada of people who speak English, or think they do, or learn how, the French population with practically no immigrants from old France is still not far below one-third (31 percent in 1931).

This is one of the marvels of the history of population survival. The French of New France at the conquest of 1763 numbered only 70,000, with perhaps 13,000 Acadian French still left after the expulsion (1775) of the 6,500 Acadians who shared the sorrows of Evangeline. Indeed France in America lost out not by force of arms, but from lack of settlers. The English immigrant ship and the New England cradle must ultimately have won the final battle of the plains of Abraham if the first had been lost.

The French stayed on, as "the King's new subjects." The Revolution cut them off from France, never again to ask or contemplate reunion. The French Canadians

refused to disappear, yet somehow wouldn't turn English, but grew and multiplied, with families that ran as easily to double figures as first-class cricket. The 70,000 of 1763 had grown to 500,000 at the time of the Rebellion of 1837, stood at over a million at Confederation, and now stand at more than 3 million. We may add to these the lost children gone to the States and thus beyond classification after one generation. Estimated at over 2 million, they make a total French-Canadian block of more than 5 million. All danger of racial absorption has long since passed. The existence of a metropolitan press in French in Montreal and of French universities and colleges renders any passing of the French language beyond all present vision.

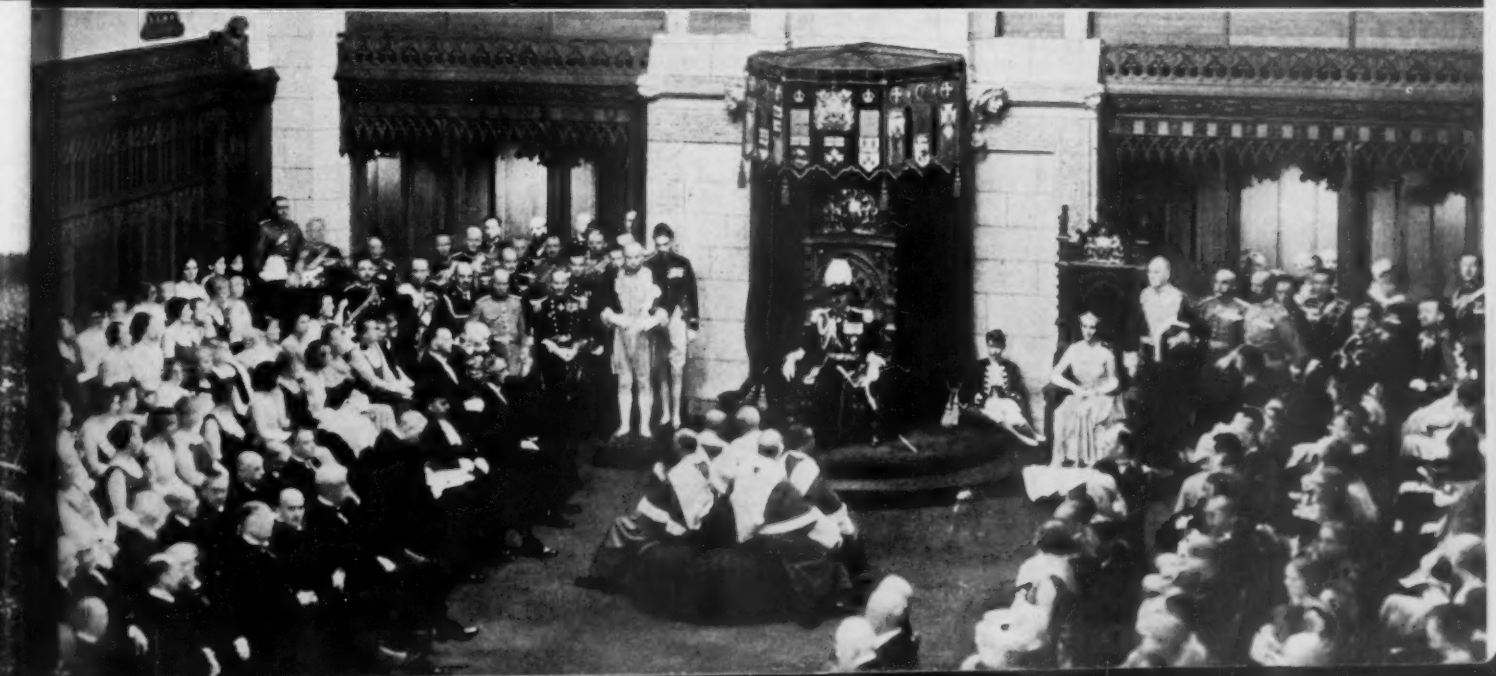
At one time indeed it seemed as if French Canada might hold its duality all across the continent. The French were the first upon the plains. Their métis (half-

breeds) served the Hudson's Bay Company. The Great Company, in its daily course, spoke in French, or kept silent in Scottish. In the twin towers of St. Boniface, seat of an archbishopric, and its clustered village, the French could catch a vision of a new French Canada of the West. The Manitoba boom (1881) broke the dream. The rebellion on the Saskatchewan (1885) marked its end. The Province of Manitoba has long since given up its bilingual government and schools (1894-97). British Columbia learns its French out of a textbook brought out from England.

The bloc of Quebec French, with an adhering fringe of Acadians, persists. But it lives, and has for generations, in a fixed orbit of British allegiance; church and religious freedom are guaranteed by a string of compacts, from the original surrender of Quebec (1759) to the British North America Act of 1867. This latter Act guaranteed for Canada duality of

Photos: (pp. 21-23) Acme, PIX, Bartlett from Gendreau, Keystone, Nat'l Museum of Canada, Canadian Nat'l Rys., Dept. Trade & Commerce

in her Parliament—in her whole Government . . . in the bulk of her tradition . . . Canada is overwhelmingly British.





language. This the French jealously guard, to the extent of marking our new Bank of Canada \$5 notes with CINQ—which, upside down, looks dangerously like *one*.

Hence the French and English, by keeping separate, revolve as easily as twin stars, facing one another, united but apart. A few French-Canadian intellectuals, and half intellectuals, dream and talk of national independence in Republic of Laurentia. There it is always afternoon, but no one knows where it is.

If there was hesitation in the last War, there is but little in this. The Quebec election of 1939 settled the issue and pointed the way.

The presence of half a million people of German origin in Canada seems at first sight an appalling weight to carry among 11 million people, but the great majority of these people have no connection with Germany of today. The Germans of western Ontario, who founded the Canadian town (Kitchener) which was once called Berlin, came, three generations ago, from the States. They were a part of the Pennsylvania Dutch (otherwise Deutsch) who were refugees out of the Rhine country. Even the Germans of the Northwest represented in large part, as did an earlier immigration into the United States, people anxious only to get out of Germany.

There is an old Latin motto *ubi bene, ibi patria*: "Where you are happy, that is your fatherland." This is exactly the case with the great majority of the mixed aliens from Central Europe, the families now settled in Western Canada for nearly, and some quite, 40 years. To the sturdy Ukrainian farmers the West is a new home, recalling and replacing in its broad extent and its fertile soil the European home that in 1,000 years was never quite their own.

We have next to remember that of the other "racial origins" a great many are people so like ourselves that we have much ado to know the difference. Most typical here, of course, are the "Americans," the settlers who have come in from the United States. As a matter of fact, British settlement in Canada (Upper Canada) began as American, with the Loyalists of 1783. The plain speech of On-

tario, almost identical with that of New York State, its school system, its township government, its Thanksgiving turkey, and its baseball, still recall its American origin.

In every later decade Canadians and Americans shifted back and forward across the border. The great "invasion" brought 570,000 American immigrants into the Dominion in the six years 1908-13, of whom the great majority settled in the Northwest. Ever so many of them were of families once British; they turned British again within a generation, indistinguishable from British Canadians.

Typical also are the Scandinavian settlers, so like native Canadians that in a sense they are more Canadian than we are. The eminent scientist the late Professor McBride (of McGill and London) used to claim that the Scandinavian was the real Canadian, showing in advance the type that will be gradually fashioned by the climate of inland Canada. There are in Canada 250,000 Scandina-



HIS OWN great-niece, little Nancy Nimmo, age 3½, is an example of the racial amalgamation Dr. Leacock describes. She is a Scottish-Norwegian-English Canadian.

vians, most of them (about 170,000) in the Prairie Provinces. Their language drops away, and intermarriage absorbs their families with the British.

A few indigestible elements, one admits, we do possess. Our 13,000 Dukhobors would be better perhaps in Russia than in Alberta. We brought them over, 4,000 in 1899 and in all 7,500, at the time when doubt still lingered as to who could live on the prairies. They are fine agriculturists, but their quaint idea of appearing every now and then with no

clothes on, unfits them even for the best society.

But our common governance and our national policy are almost entirely in the hands of French and British people. A glance at the columns of the 1940 Year Book shows the 20 members of the Federal ministry with one exception all British or French in origin. The one exception is a much honored Minister of the Crown of German extraction, but extracted so many generations ago that his grandfather served under arms under Queen Victoria. The House of Commons at Ottawa contains 245 members; the lists show only three not British or French. The Senate, 96 members, has only one alien, the Minister named already. In the Legislative Assemblies of the three Maritime Provinces, among 108 members there is not a single one of alien origin.

The Western legislatures reflect the greater admixture of races, but not in any proportionate degree. The total membership of 668 in the Federal and Provincial Parliaments includes only 24 neither British nor French.

There is even more to it than that. The officials of the Government in Canada are indeed mixed French and British. But the basis and the system of government are overwhelmingly British. French Canada never shared the revolutionary ideas which divided France and the political vagaries which have ultimately brought it to disaster. French Canada, after 1837, took over the British Government and made it its own—cabinets, maces, forms, and ceremonies, Speakers of the House, Ushers of the Black Rod, and what not. The old French civil law obtains in Quebec, but British public law, British liberty, and the fair play and open justice of British criminal law extend all over the Dominion.

It has often been said that it would be a French Canadian who would fire the last shot, if need be, in defense of British institutions in Canada. This may not be true; it might be an American settler, such as a McGregor from Carolina or a McGruder from Mississippi.

But the idea is clear. There is nothing disunited about this Dominion. It is all here.



## My '10 Bests' for 1941

By William Lyon Phelps

Educator, Author, and Reviewer

Presenting the author's choice for ten outstanding books of various kinds, plays, and movies of 1941.

IT IS A pleasure to contribute to THE ROTARIAN my chosen lists of various kinds of books and plays and pictures which I have read or heard or seen in 1941. It is, of course, impossible to say positively that these lists are the absolute best tens; I may call them MY best tens.

I have no faith in what is called scientific criticism; there are people who believe that by applying certain standards and certain tests a critic can tell whether or not a contemporary book or play will have permanent value. I do not believe this. History laughs at prophecy. I believe that all criticism is a record of the critic's personal impressions. To me a play is a first-rate play if I am powerfully affected by it. For example, of all the new plays in the American theater during 1940 I put first in THE ROTARIAN for January, 1941, the drama by Robert Sherwood called *There Shall Be No Night*, because of all the new plays I saw in that year this is the one that affected me the most deeply. Therefore, in the following lists I am merely recommending certain books and plays to my readers because I like them. Whether they are permanent additions to literature or to the theater will not be known until 50 years from now; and then I hope I shall be seeing a much greater

drama than has ever appeared on any earthly stage.

The order in which I put the best ten has no definite significance. I cannot positively say, for example, that the fourth or fifth book on the list is not so good as the second or third.

The year 1941 resembles the year 1940 in this: there were many more books of high merit in the nonfiction class than there were novels. I have deliberately omitted all books dealing with the war or with politics or with economics. One would not know where to begin or where to end, and works of this kind necessarily lack permanence.

### Novels

1. *SAPPHIRA AND THE SLAVE GIRL*, by Willa Cather. This is deceptively brilliant because of its subtlety and deliberate lack of climax.

2. *SARATOGA TRUNK*, by Edna Ferber. A brilliant romance with accurate pictures of times past.

3. *IN THIS OUR LIFE*, by Ellen Glasgow. Not so good as the author's earlier novel, *The Sheltered Life*, but written with distinction.

4. *UP AT THE VILLA*, by W. S. Maugham. Written with absolute technical mastery and very exciting.

5. *THE SNOW GOOSE*, by Paul

Gallico. This is so beautiful that it leaves a glow in the mind like a Winter sunset.

6. *SOPHIA*, by St. John Ervine. Original: in the first sentence Sophia dies, and paradoxically this is an absolutely realistic narrative of her life after death.

7. *THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM*, by A. J. Cronin. Dr. Cronin's best novel, very interesting and deeply spiritual. The hero's only reward is in his character.

8. *THE REVEREND BEN POOL*, by Louis Paul. The story of a clergyman who learned how to preach by living with the poor.

9. *RANDOM HARVEST*, by James Hilton. A story of suspended animation and this author's best since *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*.

10. *CAPTAIN PAUL*, by Commander Edward Ellenberg. Impossible to exaggerate the facts in the life of John Paul Jones. What did he say when asked to surrender?

### Nonfiction

1. *NEWSPAPER DAYS*, by H. L. Mencken. The author's unashamed enjoyment of life is refreshing.

2. *MEMORIES OF THE OPERA*, by Giulio Gatti-Casazza. This is far more than an autobiography; it contains remarkable judgments on various operas and world-famous singers. [Continued on page 57]

IT'S A MAGAZINE

# TAILORED FOR ROTARIANS

BY J. RAYMOND TIFFANY

Chairman, Magazine Committee  
of Rotary International

## HAVE YOU CONFIDENCE?

Have you *belief* relationship?  
Will you sponsor?

You wonder what I am talking about. I am trying to piece together a formula which many a Rotarian may dimly recall from some long-forgotten psychology class. It was a Formula for the Successful Accomplishment of a Given Program.

First, ran the recipe, you must contact someone who might be interested in your undertaking. Then you must establish his confidence in your idea, by revealing some of its details. Then, finally, you can enlarge that confidence

Down through the years your Magazine Committee has tried to give you an outstanding symbol of a virile Rotary—a magazine reflecting culture and erudition, providing entertainment and relaxation, and breathing out of every page the essence of Rotary.

Please note that I said "breathing out." Rotary does not need to shout. In the long effort to produce an ever-better magazine, we have constantly striven to let Rotary speak from these pages naturally and inconspicuously, but so *unmistakably* that the reader would absorb the deep spirit of it, exemplify it in his own life, and diffuse it in all his circles.

Your magazine, to leave its

editions in 1941-42 is \$317,650. The paper stock alone—some 500 tons of it—costs \$59,000; printing, \$62,000; postage, \$26,000; and so on. But what your magazine costs or what your Committeemen may think of it is of far less importance than what it means to the Rotarians of, say, Sentinel, Oklahoma, or Flin Flon, Manitoba. We who are close to its actual creation are bound to bear somewhat of a bias. As we lawyers say, we are interested witnesses. So let's bring to the stand a few of those



into a *belief* relationship—and you thereby acquire a sponsor.

Old and academic as it may seem, that formula is still sound and fresh—and perhaps it has more than a little to do with the successful relationship I am to write about here: the bond between Rotarians and their own magazine—THE ROTARIAN.

philosophy for a moment, is an institution of large scale. It goes monthly to the homes of 163,000 Rotarians in North America, to every Rotary Club (except those in Ibero-America) and to many individual Rotarians in all other parts of the world, and to some 6,300 libraries, schools, hospitals, and reading rooms. Its total circulation is now over 180,000. Its splendid Spanish-language twin, REVISTA ROTARIA, goes to 16,000 Ibero-Americans living between the Rio Grande and "the Horn."

It all costs money, lots of it. The consolidated budget for both

who read Rotary's own magazine.

After his recent Clipper trip to Great Britain, Rotary's President, Tom J. Davis, told me this classic, which illustrates the breadth of THE ROTARIAN's influence:

The Senior Chaplain of Canada's Expeditionary Forces in Britain is a Rotarian. One day last Summer, after he'd read his copy of the July ROTARIAN, he handed it across his desk to the Senior Roman Catholic Padre Overseas. In it was a guest editorial by President Davis which concluded with a story about a Butte, Montana, miner who coaxed a garden to grow where only rocks and weeds had been before. A minister, the story runs, once said to the miner, "Bill, God and you have done a great job with this garden." Old Bill



was silent for a moment, then replied, "Yes, but you should have seen it when only God had it."

The following Sunday the Chaplain and the Padre went out separately to preach. At dinner that day a staff officer gently chided the two about having delivered identical sermons — which was news to the clergymen. Each, it turned out, had used as his text the story of the Butte miner.

Yes, your magazine does get around. An Army officer way "down under" in Australia told his Rotary Club at Swan Hill that it's the *pièce de résistance* in the officers' mess. . . . Word from a CCC camp in Utah is that no magazine on its tables gets dog-eared so quickly as THE ROTARIAN.

A certain Midwestern lawyer of whom I heard the other day has a bone to pick with THE ROTARIAN.

tween any Rotary Club and THE ROTARIAN. For instance:

YOUR CLUB HAS:	YOUR MAGAZINE HAS:
Regular meetings	Regular issues
Speakers	Articles
After-the-meeting comment	Letters from readers
Good fellowship	Friendliness
"Yarn-spinners"	A joke page
Avid hobbyists	A hobby column
Local influence, prestige, and opportunity	International recognition and opportunity

The metaphor could be carried much further, but this much of it serves to show how your magazine takes its pattern from your Club. Your magazine is tailored to fit the men for whom it is produced . . . styled to their tastes.

Our world is sick again, deathly sick . . . and again it has reached out for that false remedy, war. In the laboratory, when one method fails, the scientist tries another. In human relations we seem always to resort to arms. We never try the age-old principles which Rotary activates.

all who read it. It is a means by which the soundness of the Rotary idea may be well impressed.

So, harking back to the formula with which I began, may I ask you this: Are you interested in THE ROTARIAN? Have we your confidence to the point where that confidence has become a *belief* in Rotary? If so, and we believe we have, here is an opportunity for you to exercise your sponsorship.

During the last week of January your magazine celebrates its 31st anniversary. To mark the event, we ask all Rotary Clubs to provide a special program featuring THE ROTARIAN and its potentialities for Rotarians and non-Rotarians.\* How it can serve your Club is one possible program theme.

Your Committee is deeply grateful to all Rotarians for their fine coöperation; notes with especial gratitude their support of the good-neighbor program of REVISTA ROTARIA, the Spanish edition; and pledges ever-increasing effort to provide the best publications possible.

You, my esteemed reader, are one of the 180,000 editors and publishers of this magazine. Together we are producing a magazine that



Illustration by John Norment

He's a non-Rotarian, but a friend recently entered a subscription to THE ROTARIAN for him. In the first issue to land in his mailbox was an article by John H. Wigmore, famed law teacher, titled *Lawyers of the Americas, Wake Up!*—a challenge to United States lawyers to learn Spanish-language law. That lawyer was happy enough before. Now, he says, he'll never rest content until he learns the Spanish language.

The more I learn of the manifold uses to which THE ROTARIAN is put (how it helps speakers, columnists, student debaters, radio commentators . . . how, as the one continuous link between the individual Rotarian and Rotary International, it builds a unified Rotary-consciousness), the more clearly I see the parallel be-

Yet we have evidence of their strength, their potentialities. We have seen them settle community disputes, strikes — yes, even national differences. We who are Rotarians know the power for good that lies in what we call the Rotary ideal.

Have we the right, then, in this time of need, to permit the limitation of such an influence? Rather, are we not bound to advance the cause of Rotary until its effectiveness for peace, goodwill, and understanding is felt throughout the world?

THE ROTARIAN Magazine is the emissary of Rotary principles to

counts, that can hold its head high anywhere, that has a message.

That message should reach beyond the Rotary orbit. Has Neighbor Jones ever read THE ROTARIAN? Why not try it on him?

\* A file of ROTARIAN Week program material will be sent free on request to THE ROTARIAN, 35 East Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill.

# It's ON TO TORONTO next June!

**T**ORONTO, Ontario, Canada, beautifully situated on the northern shore of Lake Ontario, will be the scene of Rotary International's 33rd annual Convention, June 21-25, 1942. Many of us return there a second time for this gathering.

Prominent in the civic life of this Canadian metropolis of almost 900,000 persons are the 408 members of the Rotary Club of Toronto, who are ready again to be the same genial hosts they were in 1924 when Rotary International held its Convention in their attractive city. Then 9,187 Rotarians and members of their families were present. In 1942, Toronto Rotarians anticipate an even larger attendance.

From out of today's turmoil and conflict arises one incontrovertible fact: mankind has not succeeded in "learning how to live together." To learn to live together is to learn to understand and appreciate, and to give and take in human relationships until a harmonious and happy balance is achieved. With its representative membership in each community and its international character, Rotary has a unique opportunity to apply this principle along the four avenues of service—by inspiring each Rotarian to learn how to live with his fellow Rotarians in his Club—with business and professional associates—with fellow citizens in his community—and internationally in the family of nations. So it is appropriate that the theme of the 1942 Convention should be "Learning How to Live Together" and that the week should be devoted to talks, discussions, and features designed to further an understanding of this principle.

Toronto is well equipped for a gathering such as a Rotary International Convention. Most Convention features will be held in the beautiful Exhibition Park, with its expanse of lawns stretch-

ing down to the shores of Lake Ontario. For those who would make attendance at the Convention part of a holiday trip, Toronto is the gateway to an extensive vacation land of magnificent woodlands, beautiful lakes, and comfortable resorts.

It is my very great pleasure, as well as my duty, to issue this, the Official Call for the 33rd annual Convention of Rotary International, to be held June 21, 22, 23, 24, and 25, 1942, in Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

According to its membership, each Rotary Club is entitled to one or more official voting delegates. As a Rotarian is expected to attend Club meetings, so are Clubs expected to be represented at the annual Convention. Article VI of the By-Laws of Rotary International gives full information as to the rights and responsibilities of a Club with reference to the annual Convention, delegates, alternates, proxies, credentials, registration fees, etc., and Article VIII gives information regarding hotel arrangements.

I join with the Rotarians in Canada in extending you a cordial invitation to be in Toronto for a worth-while and significant Convention, marked by the same gracious hospitality as shown by Toronto Rotarians in 1924, best described by the phrase then so often used: "Toronto—Where Friendship Grows in Rotary."

Let us meet in Toronto.

*Tom J. Davis*

TOM J. DAVIS  
President, Rotary International

ISSUED THIS FIRST DAY OF  
JANUARY, 1942, A.D., AT  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

TORONTO WATERFRONT

Illustration by R. R. Epperly

# MUSIC

## MADE IN MEXICO

By **Otto Mayer-Serra**

*Distinguished Mexican Music Critic*



MANUEL M. PONCE, who wrote the first truly Mexican music and thus inspired the native Mexican school.

**"M**EXICAN MUSIC—well, at first I didn't like it, but now it's got me!"

It was an American businessman who made that remark—a remark as broad as the world. For, while Mexican painting has long had world-wide acclaim, only within recent years has Mexican music been popular beyond its native border. Perhaps it was because the music lacked the impact of such colorful personalities as Diego Rivera and Clemente Orozco. Whatever the reason, it no longer exists. Today the world is tapping its toe to rhythms as native to Mexico as Mount Popocatepetl.

It is strange that these popular melodies followed, rather than led, the world-wide acclaim of "great" music. Today the strains of *Frenesí* and *Perfidia*, by Alberto Domínguez; of *María Elena*, by L. Barcelata; the weekly "hits" of Agustín Lara—just now they are *Mi Tormento* and *Desesperamente*—have been accepted after the great orchestras have added the works of Chávez, Revueltas, and their fellows to the classic repertoire.

To understand the growth of Mexican music needs a word of history. Until 1519 the country had an Indian civilization; from 1519 to 1820 came the Conquest

and colonization; from 1820 to 1910 Mexico was being formed—a seething mass of indigenous culture was brewing under a thin crust of European veneer. How thin that was can be realized from the fact that of Mexico's 20 million people, only 10 percent are pure European, 30 percent are Indian, and the remaining 60 percent are mestizo—mixed Indian and European.

In 1910 came the political revolt of mestizo Mexico against the dominance of Porfirio Díaz, and with it came a revolt against superimposed culture. Native arts in all fields began their often-spectacular rise.

Musically, the four centuries of European dominance had left their mark. The well-known *jarabe*, in which the *señorita* weaves a picturesque dance about the rim of her partner's sombrero, is a Mexican version of a dance imported from Old Spain generations ago. The tropically languid *sandunga*, especially beloved in the Tehuantepec Isthmus, preserved the grace of Spanish elegance blended with the gayety of Viennese waltzes. Africa—via Cuba—has left its stamp on the *huapango*, which has been exported from Vera Cruz to all parts of the world.

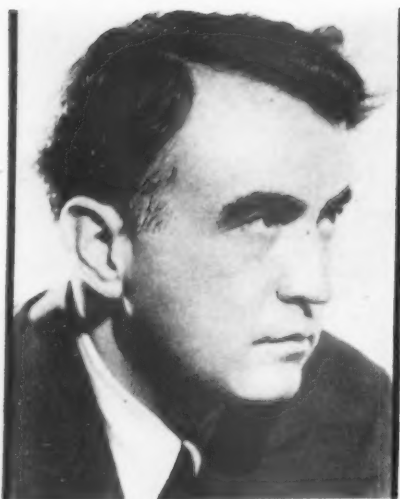
But it is motifs native to Mexico

that vitalize Mexican music today. While ruling classes listened in city salons and ballrooms to imported strains, back in the mountain villages or on sultry plantations Mexican *folk* continued to express themselves in their own songs and often with instruments of their own devising. Native minnesingers and troubadours went from village to village strumming guitars and singing *corridos*—epics celebrating ordinary events or dramatic episodes of the Revolution.

European influences touched the hinterland but lightly. There tribes carried on their pre-Conquest culture. Native melodies, often of an exquisite, expressive purity, survive in the rhythms both monotonous and exciting of the *huehuatl* and the *teponaztlí*. And the *son*, a tune of the Tarascan Indians of Mexico's deep interior, is perpetuated in music of the *mariachi* orchestras, which you are as apt to hear today in New York City or Sydney as in Mexico City.

It is strange that this treasure house of folk music was overlooked for so long. Such music as Mexico gave to the world, prior to 1910, was dressed up in classic salon style and bedecked with foreign titles. The *Vals Poétique*, of Villanueva, and the *Vals Caprice*,





CARLOS CHAVEZ, Mexico's music maestro.



BLAS GALINDO brings music to dwellers in the slums. . . . (Below) Silvestre Revueltas, whose music is that of Mexico's mestizos.



of Castro, are examples, and though the salon piece *Sobre las Olas* often retained Juventino Rosas' Spanish title, it is undeniably a work that might have been written by any national or even a man without a country!

But with Manuel M. Ponce, a change began. On his return from study in Europe, Ponce turned to Mexican melodies for themes in his works. Though these were denatured to fit into harmonic and melodic patterns of Old World salon music—exactly as Granados and Albeniz made the first steps with truly Spanish music—the first Mexican music had been written.

To make the next step toward a national music was the work of Ponce's disciple, Carlos Chávez, undoubtedly the strongest personality in the Mexican musical scene.

Chávez followed his schooling under Ponce and Pedro Ogazón with a term in Europe, but from the first his rhythms and melodies were those of Mexico. A man of wide culture and unusual self-discipline, he has done a prodigious amount of work, for he founded the Mexican National Symphony Orchestra, headed the National Conservatory, wrote widely, and still had time and energy to lead, as guest conductor, the Philharmonic Orchestra of New York, the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, and to take Arturo Toscanini's place as first guest conductor of the National Broadcasting Company Symphony Orchestra.

Chávez has full control of the modern technical advances in composition, but he has set himself the goal of reconstructing, in all its purity, the pre-Conquest Indian music. But in attempting to translate this to the modern musical idiom without the reality of Mexico of today, he has robbed his music of much of its potential vitality.

Silvestre Revueltas, whose tragic death in October, 1940, robbed music of Mexico's most promising composer, struck out on wholly different lines. His schooling was in the United States, but he wrote his first works in an imitation of Chávez' style—the twisting of folk melody, the harsh, implacable hammering of the accompaniment

that are so peculiar to Chávez.

But once past this trial period, Revueltas struck out for himself. Coming from the North of Mexico, he was steeped in the music of the people—the mestizos, who make up 60 percent of Mexico. He turned to the music of the markets, the inns, the taverns, and all the places where men and women gathered. From the *corridos*, the authentic minstrelsy of today, and the songs and dances of Mexicans, he drew his themes—never using them as they are, but reconstructing his own melodies with an unmistakable mark of being truly *Mexican*.

Following his path, Candelario Huízar is now using the music of his native State, Zacatecas, for his inspiration, and the *son* and *mariachi* are being plundered by José Rólon and Blas Galindo for their Mexican music.

An interesting character is this Blas Galindo! A pure-blooded Indian, he spent his early years as a member of a half-revolutionary, half-bandit band of his native State, Jalisco. But one day he turned up in Mexico City in serape and *huaraches* and asked Chávez to be admitted to the Conservatory. Once he had persuaded the incredulous director of his sincerity, Galindo soon astounded his instructors with his talent.

To eat, Galindo sold neckties in the market place. To sleep, he found space on the plaza pavement. Today his compositions have been performed and recorded by leading American orchestras. For him, composition is not enough—he is working to bring music to the workers and slum dwellers of Mexico City.

Thus, from the music of Mexico's people, from the old and the new, from the Indian and the mestizo, comes music made in Mexico. Only a brief quarter century ago it came into being. Today it is Mexico's gift to the world.

#### More on Mexican Music

The author's articles on Tata Vasco (*Commonweal*, September 12, 1941) and Silvestre Revueltas (*Musical Quarterly*, April, 1941) add much detail to the foregoing. *The Musician* carried, during 1941, a series of six articles by Charles Poore. And Chávez himself has told his story in *Toward a New Music* (Norton, \$2).—Eds.

# 'The Americas Speak'

By **Tom J. Davis**  
President, Rotary International

**Y**OU AND I, my fellow Rotarians, are about to begin our second season "in radio." We are to start it Sunday afternoon, January 4. In living-rooms from Ontario to Argentina, from Newfoundland to Hawaii—and perhaps even farther—we shall huddle around our radio sets that day to hear our program come on. It will begin thus:

"¡Sud América saluda a sus amigos! Saludos desde el corazón de las Américas."\* North, South, Central America! Two hundred seventy-five million voices raised in goodwill, friendship, and understanding as Rotary International and the Mutual Network present *The Americas Speak*!"

With our families waved into chairs beside us and shhhh-ed to silence, we hear the announcer go on: "Today we bring you the first broadcast of the 1942 edition of *The Americas Speak*, radio's most unique and most outstanding contribution to goodwill and understanding. . . ."

This first program, we learn, is to take us to Mexico.† A brisk

\* "South America salutes its friends Greetings from the heart of the Americas." † In preparation for that visit-by-radio, readers might well turn to the new series, *Little Lessons on Latin America*, page 4, opening with a discussion of Mexico. *Music Made in Mexico*, page 29, will also give background.—Eds.

dramatization of early Mexican history introduces us to this shining land. Then the scene shifts quickly to Mexico itself, in whose capital city a group of musicians and narrators await to tell us of their homeland and to impart to us some of its cultural richness.

As the half hour ends, we make careful note that next week at this same hour we are to hear from Guatemala, and that on the 16 Sundays following, we will ride the ether waves into 16 other lands of the Americas.

Yes, *The Americas Speak* will soon be on the air again. The success of the 1941 series of weekly broadcasts, the great undeveloped possibilities it indicated—and the stacks of letters from Rotarians, radio-station managers, housewives, and others—fairly demanded its return. One of those letters was from a little girl named Virginia who lives in Ravera, California. It reads:

"I am an eighth-grade student, with Colombia as a subject, and have had a hard time getting any information on it. Today I listened to your *The Americas Speak* broadcast and gathered a lot of information on it." To me that simple note meant more than it said. If our program is reaching youth and giving it a continental consciousness, it is hitting a telling mark. Ibero-American Rotarians, many of whom I have just visited, are enthusiastic about their part in the program. More music, briefer talks will pace the program faster than in the first edition. A year's experience has taught much, and a continuously entertaining and informative series is assured.

I do not need to urge Rotarians to listen. They will, naturally, for this is *their* program. But may I urge them to spread the word, to tell their neighbors, and to use such channels of public information as they can to help build as large an audience as this pioneering effort in Ibero-American goodwill deserves. Above all, I urge Rotarians to contact their nearest Mutual Network or Canadian Broadcasting Corporation station



and request that the station carry the series. *The Americas Speak* is a "sustaining" program and will be carried by local stations if public interest so demands.

An international audience of millions is certain, for the Mutual Network, whose coöperation makes this series possible, has 191 stations, most of which will carry *The Americas Speak* through the 18 weeks. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation plans to put the program on a regional hook-up. Four powerful short-wave stations will direct the program to Ibero-America and to all parts of the world.

And now my time's up, but let me propose this as a fitting Rotary salute for the next four months: "See you at your radio Sunday afternoon!"

## Clip and Save

### *The Americas Speak*—Broadcast Schedule

January	4—Mexico City, Mexico 11—Guatemala City, Guatemala 18—Tegucigalpa, Honduras 25—San Juan, Puerto Rico
February	1—Managua, Nicaragua 8—San José, Costa Rica 15—Rio de Janeiro, Brazil 22—Panama City, Panama
March	1—Honolulu, Hawaii 8—Bogotá, Colombia 15—Quito, Ecuador 22—Lima, Peru 29—La Paz, Bolivia
April	5—Santiago, Chile 12—Buenos Aires, Argentina 19—Montevideo, Uruguay 26—Caracas, Venezuela
May	3—Havana, Cuba

On standard broadcast the program time is from 3 to 3:30 P.M. (EST); consult your local newspaper for exact time and station. On short wave: KGEI (San Francisco, Calif.) will broadcast from 8:30 to 9 P.M. (EST), 15,330 kilocycles, 19.56 meters. WGEO (Schenectady, N. Y.) will broadcast from 9 to 9:30 P.M. (EST), 9,530 kilocycles, 31.47 meters. WGEA (Schenectady, N. Y.) will broadcast from 9 to 9:30 P.M. (EST), 9,550 kilocycles, 31.41 meters. WRUL (Boston, Mass.) will also broadcast the series at a time to be announced in an early issue of the "R. I." News Letter. *The Americas Speak* will also be brought to FM listeners in the Chicago area by Frequency Modulated Station W59C.

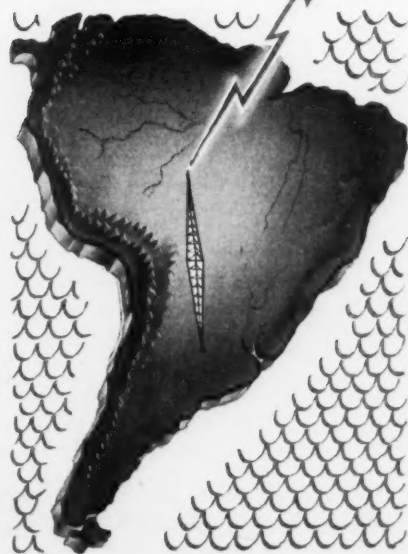




Photo: Branson de Cou from Sawyers

**S**OME DAY—sooner than you think—you can motor from Fairbanks, Alaska, all the way to my home city of Buenos Aires.

The route projected from Alaska to the United States was pictured in the November ROTARIAN, and the October issue reported on the now-almost-completed east-west branch across Canada. Now, if you've missed it, look up Michael Scully's article, *Rolling Down to Panama*, in the September number. It carried you down the Pan-American Highway to South America. There I pick you up, and we continue farther south.

You'll be surprised at how much of the road is completed. From Caracas, in Venezuela, to Buenos Aires, the road is already in use. And you'll have your choice of several routes from Lima, in Peru, to Buenos Aires. In fact, last year a "road race" was run between those two capitals.

Let me tell you about that race. It wasn't run just for the sport of it. Like its prototypes in Europe and North

America, it was intended to be a demonstration to prove the practicability and desirability of linking national highways into a chain connecting our countries. Pride was engendered by the strong links; the need for work on weak or missing links was made apparent.

For the run from Lima to Buenos Aires, there are three routes: Lima to La Paz, La Paz to Santiago, then to Buenos Aires.

In preparation for the 1941 road race from Caracas to Buenos Aires—of which more anon—our Auto Club made a careful survey of the route, which ran from Caracas to Bogotá, Colombia; across that republic and then south to Quito, Ecuador; crossed into Peru, and then followed the last-named route from Lima to Buenos Aires.

The race covered 6,850 miles. The allotted time—for these races are run in stages that can reasonably be covered by any car, and only one stage is covered each day—was 19 days.

A long time, you say? Ah, but

remember the hills! On the second day, for example, the cars were to start at a 2,650-foot altitude, climb to 13,500 feet, drop to 5,390, climb to 9,800, and then coast down to 660 feet above sea level. And the next day they must climb back to 12,800 feet in the first 96 miles.

The unfortunate border dispute between Ecuador and Peru, involving, for a time, the area through which the roads passed, made it advisable to postpone the race, but not before a survey of the route had been made. Since most of it will be along the main highway linking the Americas, the data should be interesting.

The Colombian roads, despite the hills through which they climb up and down, are generally good; only 14 miles are graded as "merely passable," 12 miles classed as "bad," and 53 miles were not inspected. The remaining 1,025 miles were classed as good. Here are some of the descriptions from the handbook which has been prepared for the drivers:

**Contour  
Chart  
—  
Pan-  
American  
Highway**

CARACAS

Venezuela

BOGOTÁ

Colombia

Ecuador



From Bogota to Corinto—good road of crushed stone or cobbles, wide for the most part, some steep grades and some easy ones; mountainous roads very winding, pavement usually smooth in good condition. Corinto to Popayan: smooth surfaced, wide, usually crushed-rock construction. A bridge is being rebuilt. Popayan to Pasto: first section is very narrow, but good. Farther on, long grades, but easy. Some sharp curves in winding road. Last 12 miles under repair. Pasto to Tuquerres: very wide, excellent road; very winding, steep gradients; Tuquerres to Ecuador border: generally excellent, wide, winding, easy gradients.

In our reports we listed the

roads as "good," meaning surfaced and kept up in condition; "passable," meaning serviceable in wet or dry weather, albeit not necessarily wide or smooth; "bad," meaning good-weather routes or very rough stretches; and "uninspected," meaning these were not inspected for this report.

In Ecuador we report 268 miles of good road, 97 miles passable, 81 miles definitely bad, and 87 unsurveyed. In Peru all but 46 miles of the 1,856 in the route are good, and this small portion is listed as passable.

The main road of Bolivia is good, but the road from this highway to the Chilean border was not inspected for 234 miles. It is probably good or passable—at least in dry weather.

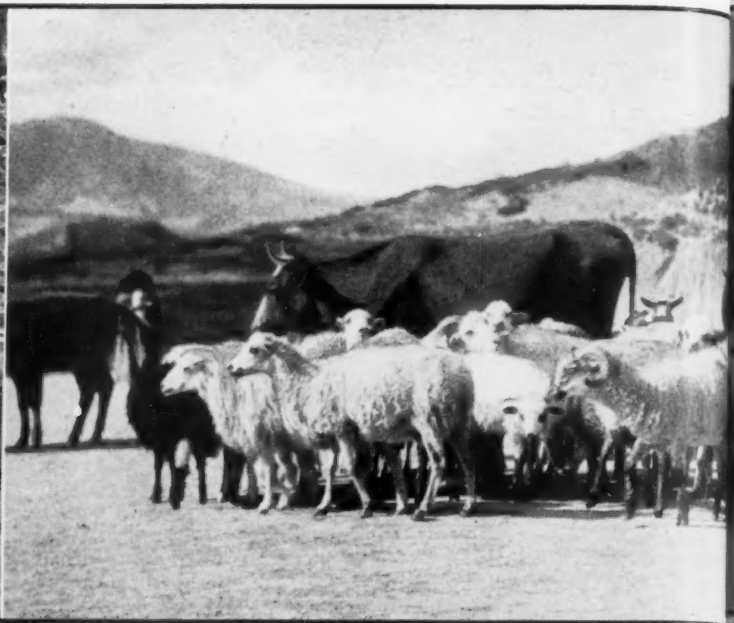
The Chilean link from Bolivia to Antofagasta was not inspected, but beyond that in Chile, only 104 miles were listed as bad, 512 were passable, and the remaining 500 miles were good.

Within Argentina the entire mileage—770 miles—is good: all-weather, surfaced road.

Besides this main route there are

Map by Ben Albert Benson





ABOVE: A Quechua boy and his flocks are making temporary use of the highway north of Quito, in Ecuador.

LEFT: Two levels of the fast-climbing, all-weather road from Caracas, Venezuela, which can be "made in high."

BELOW: In Chile, a road is half masked in dust as oxcarts rumble over its gravel surface.



Photos: (center) Sawders; (top) Severin from Three Lions; (bottom) Fenno Jacobs from same

an all-weather road up the Chilean coast to Peru, several good-weather roads through Bolivia, and a network of such roads in every country. The main routes are shown on the map.

Since many roads are not useable in rainy weather, it is well to know that the rainy season is well marked. The months of August and September are free from rain in practically every one of the countries along this route. In Colombia, Venezuela, and Bolivia the rains begin in October; in Northern Argentina, in November; Ecuador, Peru, and Chile get wet in December.

Even if very few of us from South America drive to Toronto, Ontario, next June for the Convention, we are planning to drive to Bogotá in September—for on October 12, 1942, we hope to celebrate the 450th anniversary of the discovery of America with a joint North and South American road race.

As tentatively projected, the North American groups will start from various centers, Ottawa and New York being the most distant. Probably the link from Panama City to Colombia will not be finished, so it may be necessary to ship the cars from the Canal Zone to some Colombian port. The South American race will start at Buenos Aires—and both groups will meet in Bogotá, Colombia, on the 12th of October for a fraternal greeting.



Photos: (above and below) James Sawders

As you have just seen, the South American route is practical at present, and should be much more so by next October.

The main difficulties are those of passing the customs and other international inspections. With a view to arranging something like the European triptyque we have formed the Inter-American Federation of Auto Clubs, which is working on this problem.

It is quite possible for the North American tourist to bring his car to Caracas, in Venezuela, or some Colombian port, and drive southward through all the West coast republics. It is practical to cross the Andes. From Buenos Aires it is a simple matter to drive to Paraguay, and Uruguay is crisscrossed with good, paved, roads. Roads extend up the coastal regions of Brazil.

If, therefore, some of us Rotarians from Ibero-America do not drive up to the Toronto Convention, it will not be because of the lack of roads in our continent! It will be because of the difficulties of getting our cars from the Caribbean ports to those of the United States.

But don't let that halt *you*. May I invite you to bring your car when you come to visit us? I'll promise you plenty of good driving through remarkable scenery; and a hearty welcome both from the Auto Club of Argentina and other members of the Inter-American Federation of Auto Clubs!

LEAVING La Paz, Bolivia, the road climbs to 15,300 feet. As the profile map on pages 32 and 33 shows, it remains more than two miles above sea level throughout Bolivia!

AVENIDA Roque Saenz Peña, the famous "Diagonal Norte" of Buenos Aires, which was cut through the existing business section to handle automobile traffic. Keep to the left!







"YOU WILL scarcely leave the house without a vial of precious fluid on your person, to be consumed surreptitiously, if possible, in some secluded nook."

**"T**WELVE O'CLOCK! I knew it," you mutter irritably when you've turned on the light and glanced at your watch. "No need for a timepiece with this stomach-ache sounding the alarm right on the dot."

Quickly you reach for a glass of good old Guernsey, Jersey, or whatever brand of milk the dairy leaves on your doorstep. Hardly has the milk touched your stomach until the pain disappears. Gratefully, you drop into sleep only to be awakened in a couple of hours for an encore. Daytimes, a snack or two between meals is necessary to keep you comfortable, or it may take a little baking soda or magnesia to turn the trick.

With your weight falling off, "hunger pains" coming oftener and accompanied now and then by a return of the swallow, you become concerned and decide to see your doctor.

"Sounds like ulcer," he says when you have recounted your symptoms. "But we won't jump at conclusions," he adds, and signs you up for an X-ray date.

A day or two of intermittent sessions with the doctor in the darkroom and he makes the announcement: "Duodenal ulcer."

"Duodenal," you repeat, a little awed by the term. "Is that worse than the plain variety?"

"It is the plain variety," he assures you. "Ulcers of the duodenum—which joins with or connects with the small intestine—occur five times as often as those in the stomach proper. Both, however, are referred to as peptic ulcers."

"Just what is an ulcer?" you ask, curious about your "inside affairs."

"It's a break in the lining of the stomach," he explains, "that is aggravated and made larger by the action of the digestive juices. Stimulating foods—like meat, for example—increase the flow of the juices and result in plenty of distress for the ulcer victim."

"You're telling me," you say to yourself in grim remembrance of a recent hectic night following a steak dinner with all the trimmings.

"And the pain," continues the doctor, "creates further secretion leading to greater distress. And so it goes, a vicious circle, so to speak."

"But this break in the lining, Doctor—what caused it?" you ask, puzzled that your stomach

# Here's *Inside* Information

From Lula Walker

*All (or at least quite a bit) about stomach ulcers—tips on what causes them and how you can speed their disappearance.*

should have developed such a flaw.

"Doctors are not sure about the cause, but they have theories. It might come from an abscessed tooth, infected tonsils, or possibly an unruly sinus."

Then, too, there is the ulcer type, he points out—the slender nervous person being more susceptible than his easygoing, stockily built friend. It is even possible, hints the doctor, that your grandfather might even possibly be to blame.

How your revered forebear could have anything to do with your present difficulty strikes you as a bit absurd.

"Can one inherit stomach trouble?" you ask with a hint of skepticism.

"Fortunately, no," your doctor replies, "but countless case histories point strongly to the theory of inherited tendencies."

"This doesn't mean," he continues, "that you are bound to begin life with an inferior stomach because there have been a few twigs of dyspepsia in the family tree. But it's possible that along with his Roman nose, your grandfather may have bequeathed you his kink to worry over prospective crop failures or the mortgage on the old homestead. True enough, your worries may have become a bit streamlined—fluctuations of the ticker tape on the stock exchange or payment on a new car or plans for a new house being responsible for your state of jitters."

"But suppose I did get a worry quirk from Granddad," you counter. "To get rid of this ulcer is my worry right now. What of my chances for that?"

"Excellent," says your medico. "About 90 percent of stomach ulcers heal without complications. Only rarely does one become malignant. But an untreated or a mistreated ulcer can cause grave consequences." And he proceeds to outline a course of action for you to follow.

If your symptoms are not too serious, he will likely suggest "ambulatory treatment." Noting your puzzled expression, he explains.

"Remember your Latin—ambulo, ambulare — meaning 'to walk.' That's it. You are to go about your usual duties, but have a care how strenuously you ambulate. No mile runs to win silver cups, nor mad marathons to catch streetcars."

Of course there will be medicine—alkalines of some sort to neutralize the acid that is causing the uproar. But mostly there will be diet—Diet with a capital D, you will think at first. For a few days your path will be strictly along the milky way. Every hour or two you will be imbibing three ounces of rich creamy milk. And no cheating, remember. Three ounces is three ounces.

**Y**OU WILL scarcely leave the house without a vial of the precious fluid concealed somewhere on your person, to be consumed surreptitiously, if possible, in some secluded nook. But gradually you will lose the shame complex. Boldly you will enter a drugstore and demand, "Three ounces of milk, and the top of the bottle, please."

Raw eggs will soon be on your list, along with strained oatmeal for breakfast. Then, presto, your allotment is stepped up to six ounces of milk, which is, after all, quite a sizable swig. Very shortly you will be regaled with soft-boiled eggs, cereals, custards, soups, toast, and tapioca pudding, sans raisins. (No, your doctor isn't an old meanie, but he knows your ulcers won't tolerate the rich

iron content of raisins without causing a ruckus.)

In quantity, your diet will be a generous one, and you will likely be regaining some of the pounds you lost when your stomach was sounding the alarm two or three times during the night.

For some time you may expect a ban on coffee, tobacco, and condiments (pepper, seasoning, and spice to you). And the cocktail shaker must be relegated to the limbo of forgotten things. If your list of allowables doesn't include orange juice for a couple of weeks, don't be surprised—nor alarmed. You won't die of rickets, beriberi, or any other disease of dietary deficiency. In the meantime, you will be having such blessed relief from that old pain in the pit of the stomach that you won't mind a period of abstinence from certain foods, or even giving up some foolish habits.

Your doctor can give plenty of advice as to medication, diet, and habits, but he can't do much about

your state of mind. You're the doctor when it comes to this. And don't forget that a tranquil spirit can contribute much to your recovery program. Emotional upsets or temper tantrums are as poison ivy for stomach ulcers. Bills of the butcher and the baker must be met with a smile.

**I**F YOU doubt the importance of worry as a factor in producing stomach upsets, consider the havoc wrought by Old Man Depression. When that gloomy despot was at the zenith of his power, ulcers hit a new high, physicians reporting increases from 200 to 800 percent. Along with the deflated purse, there was probably an elimination of essential fruits and vegetables in the diet, which may have added to the difficulty. It is a lack of these, claim some authorities, which accounts for the prevalence of ulcers in the Spring.

Irrespective of cause, the fact remains that this very common



"EMOTIONAL upsets and temper tantrums are as poison ivy for stomach ulcers."

ailment is no respecter of persons. A disease of the upper classes it has been called, the theory being that white-collar workers are better worriers than ditch diggers. Be that as it may, no class or occupation is immune, with men outnumbering women five to one as ulcer victims. In the male ranks, the disease is most likely to strike between the ages of 33 and 50; it reaches women a little earlier, most often from 18 to 35.

**"B**UT regardless of age, color, or previous condition of servitude, it's the person who, in popular parlance, has never learned to 'take it' who is the potential victim of stomach ulcers," declares Dr. Merrill W. Hollingsworth, former president of the Southern California Medical Association. "The man or woman who can do his daily stint without getting all hot and bothered has the best chance of escaping ulcers."

As an example, he cited the case of Jack Gordon. On a fishing trip, Jack could forget all about diet, eating bacon and flapjacks with impunity, but once back in the harness he must resort to the old dietary regime.

And there was Mary Morrison, the high-school teacher. Her ulcers rarely bothered until just before vacations. Work piled up

—papers to be graded, records to be filed, a play to put on—and Mary scared stiff it wouldn't all be done. Result—the ulcers went on a rampage.

In this workaday world, life can't be a continuous holiday, but it is possible to inject a little of the carefree spirit into daily routine.

And once you have had a bout with ulcers, you must expect some slight alteration in your design for living. As for cigarettes, the fewer the better. Medical records reveal that a large percentage of ulcer patients have been heavy consumers of tobacco. The water wagon, too, you will find a far safer place than the cocktail bar if you would keep peace in the gastronomic regions.

And you must expect taboos of things more innocent than Scotch and sodas. Avoid the wily serpent who tempts you with a rosy apple if that apple is raw. It's a pet peeve of ulcers. But why worry when you can savor the delights of a luscious baked one topped with whipped cream?

Fried foods, pickles, beets, tomatoes, and all raw vegetables will be off the list for some time. Hot breads, pastry, salads, and acid fruits won't be on the bill of fare for a few months. Your doctor will give you a list of the "shall nots." But you'll be able to

enjoy tender meats, stewed fruits, cooked cereals, ice cream, angel cake, and other goodies in this category. Not bad when you consider those three ounces of milk you meticulously measured a dozen times a day when you began dieting.

"If I am cured, why be careful?" you are likely to ask. And your doctor, who knows his anatomy, gives the answer. There still remains the ulcer-bearing area, he will tell you, always with the possibility of another flare-up.

Occasionally, as an aftermath of ulcer, scar tissue forms, causing a shrinking of the membranous lining and closing the outlet from the stomach to the intestine. But modern surgery has found a way to overcome the difficulty by making a new opening. Such an operation bears the impressive name of gastroenterostomy.

With proper care of your ulcers, the chances of missing the prestige of this operation are all to the good. However, the elite who have experienced it give joyous testimony that a rebuilt stomach runs smoothly and carries the load without stalling or backfiring.

If you have ulcers, again, we say, don't worry. They won't ruin your life, your health, or your stomach—if you do as your doctor tells you. Remember that simple foods, regular meals eaten slowly, temperate habits, plus an unruffled mind are your best insurance for gastronomic security.

Illustrations  
by Stuart Hay



"AVOID the wily serpent who tempts you with a raw apple. It's a pet peeve of ulcers."

#### To Whom It May Concern

*End Note* "There is nothing in this article to apologize for," writes a widely known medical authority whose comment on it was sought by the Editors. He thinks it may add to a wholesome interest in the relation of health to personal efficiency—and lead to further reading.

Two more articles on ulcers, written for the layman, are *Watch Out for Ulcers*, by Carl J. Larsen, M.D., which appeared in *Life & Health* (see 1941 edition of *The Man* for condensed version); and *How Are Your Ulcers Today?*, by Maxine Davis, in the March, 1938, *Pictorial Review*.

For other health counsel turn to these articles in *THE ROTARIAN*: *Catch It Early!*, by Charles W. Mayo, M.D. (December, 1940); and *Eat, Drink, and Be Wary!*, by C. J. Tidmarsh, M.D. (April, 1940). And for a valuable reference work, see *The Modern Home Medical Advisor* (Doubleday, Doran, 1937, \$2.49), by Chicago Rotarian Dr. Morris Fishbein.—Eds.





## Teaching the Good Samaritan

By Ruth Little

Illustration by A. H. Winkler

*An accident on the highway? Hands off the victim!  
Skilled first aid saves, but inept willing hands kill.*

**A** WOUNDED MAN lay by the roadside. The priest and the Levite looked upon him and passed by on the other side. But the good Samaritan had compassion on him, bound up his wounds, set him upon his beast, and took him to an inn.

That story was first told more than 1,900 years ago. It has been repeated millions of times. But when retold in terms of today, it often ends with disaster, as true short stories illustrate.

Alongside a mass of twisted metal and splintered wood, a man knelt beside the highway holding up a slack body. Tears of pity filled his eyes as he spoke words of comfort into the unhearing ears of a boy whose head drooped like a wilting flower. A motorcycle roared up.

"What are you doing?" asked the traffic officer.

"I'm trying to make him more comfortable," replied the man. "He was moaning and asking to get up."

To a comrade the officer later remarked bitterly, "We can't be sure, but it looks as if the old man put the boy out of his misery all right. The kid's ribs were broken and went into his heart when the sap propped him up. He probably

would have had a chance if he had been left flat. As it was, he was dead when I got there."

A tall traffic officer limped into the office. He was not in uniform. After many months in the hospital, he faced a lifetime as an invalid.

"The way those guys jack-knifed me into their car," he remarked to his friends, "I still can't understand how it was they didn't kill me."

"What happened to you?" asked a new man on the patrol. The lame chap sat down stiffly.

"I was out on the highway on my regular run. It started to rain, and I hit a greasy curve. The next thing I knew two men were shoving me into the back seat of their car. Right then I prayed to die. I woke up in a hospital, all full of anesthetic. The doctor told me I had a fractured pelvic bone, and a sliver had ran into the bladder. I'll bet it happened when they put me in the car."

"That's all. But if they'd only left me lying flat!"

These accounts, however discouraging, should not make the good Samaritan join the priest and the Levite, and pass by on the other side. For very frequently accident victims are in need of im-

mediate aid. As when the train passed, leaving tragedy behind. A man lay by the track, his legs mere stumps from which blood spurted. About him stood a horrified group of people, gaping helplessly. No one stepped forward to assist him.

"I read somewheres you gotta leave 'em alone until the police come," one onlooker whispered.

At last an officer came, quickly applied tourniquets, called an ambulance. But it was too late; the man died.

"Now there you are," said the officer later to his fellow patrolmen. "When they ought to do something, they don't. When they ought to leave folks alone, they interfere. Simple first aid might have saved that man's life. Any Boy Scout would have known what to do."

There is one occasion when it is absolutely necessary to move injured persons: when they are in or close to a machine which has caught fire. Here the danger of their being burned to death is the first consideration.

In other situations, however, officers and doctors agree accident victims, in at least nine cases out of ten, should be placed flat on the ground, covered with coats or

blankets, and kept perfectly quiet. Where necessary, a simple tourniquet to stop bleeding should be applied. The injured persons should be allowed to wait for the ambulance.

Shock is present in some degree in practically all motor accidents. For one reason or another, those who want to help feel that the most important thing is to "bring them to." They proceed to get the unconscious person to his feet, and try to walk him about. Because the correct treatment for shock is to keep the victim's head lowered, the walking-about process often has fatal results.

**F**RACTURES, too, are dangerous to interfere with. Move a person with a simple fracture of arm or leg, for instance, and a fragment of bone may tear through tissues, muscles, and nerves. The result: a nasty compound fracture, with no slight danger of infection.

Playing the good Samaritan even to unhurt persons who have been involved in traffic accidents requires certain precautions.

"Friends called on me one evening recently," a doctor friend related not long ago. "They had just picked up two men who had wrecked their car along the highway, and had taken the men, who were drunk, but uninjured, to a local hotel.

"Did you report to the highway-patrol office?" I asked them.

"No. Why?"

"Go down to the station and report at once, or you may find yourselves in trouble. Officers have to make a complete statement concerning all highway accidents."

"My friends took my advice, and perhaps saved themselves the embarrassment that came to Tom Dooley's would-be benefactor."

Which calls for the true tale of Tom Dooley.

Tom wandered dazedly around his overturned roadster. He tried to figure out what had happened, but shock mixed with alcohol fumes numbed his brain.

Machines passed. Headlights stared at him; tail lights winked mockingly, disappeared. A faint whisper of reason told Tom to raise a heavy arm, to signal.

Two cars zipped by; a third stopped. Tom mumbled, an un-

steady finger indicating his misfortune.

"In trouble?" asked a sympathetic voice. "Well, get in with me. Where do you want to go?" Tom crawled in. He did not know where he wanted to go, and many miles had passed before he decided.

A few minutes after Tom left his car, the officer to whom the accident had been reported found the abandoned roadster. For hours he checked auto camps and courts along the way. The next afternoon he found Tom Dooley, stiff of limb and puffy of eye, in a far-away cabin.

"Brought here last night by an old chap in a Chevy sedan," said the camp owner. "My wife took down the number. She's quite a detective."

The sympathetic stranger was located, and fined \$200 by an unsympathetic judge, "for interfering with an officer in the performance of his duties."

Yet if he had but driven Tom to a hospital or police station, he would not have unwittingly helped a drunken driver to "hide out" from the police, nor yet taken the chance of passing by a slightly injured driver who badly needed help.

Two kinds of persons rush to a scene of disaster: those who are morbidly curious, and those who feel constrained to help. Highway patrolmen have no patience with the first type. They recognize the curiosity as the desire to see a fellow human being's sufferings. The curious crowd makes plenty of trouble for officers.

"It takes four of us to clear up an accident, instead of two," complained a tired traffic officer. "Two men have to untangle the mess of cars that pull up. Often there are other accidents right at the scene of the first wreck. Drivers see the excitement and stop suddenly in the pathway of another machine. Sometimes an officer is injured."

"That's right!" a grizzled veteran at a desk in the far corner of the office agreed. "You ought to have seen Ben the other night. He was helping clear the highway after a wreck—when bango! A coupe corkscrewed in and hit Ben. Threw him 15 feet."

Officer Ben Meyer shifted his

bandaged arm gingerly. "I was just lucky!" he grinned.

The curious are a nuisance to officers, but the helpful are the real cause of worry. Their motive is pity; they are sincere in wanting to be of assistance.

"We can't make laws to keep people from interfering," said a lawyer in the district attorney's office. "Sometimes they are needed. They can save lives before officers can get there, if they use good judgment and know of first-aid rules.

"People are learning, though. I had a case in court today which showed excellent judgment."

He then related this story:

A light truck was buckled into accordion pleats. Crushed against the steering wheel a man sat upright, unconscious, immovable. A stranger leaped from his sedan and dashed toward the wreck.

"Quick! Get him out!" he ordered. Others darted forward.

A young woman stood in the way. "No!" she cried. "Let him alone. Don't touch him. You'll do more harm than good."

"She actually saved his life," the lawyer concluded. "The ambulance attendants had a bad time of it, but they worked slowly and carefully. The man is alive and well today."

**B**UT in another case, the traffic officer reported: "Another poor devil folded into the back of a passenger car. Ribs fractured. Punctured the chest wall when the folks doubled him up. Doctor says it caused a complete lung collapse. Probably can't do much for him. If we could only teach these people who want to help. They mean well, but too often they're killers just the same. Guess we'll just have to keep plugging along trying to educate the good Samaritans."

Who wants to be a highway menace? Surely not those to whom the suffering of others brings a feeling of pity and a desire to befriend. Good Samaritans are needed on the highway today, just as they were 1,900 years ago. But they must temper compassion with commonsense. And they must add to it a large measure of clear thinking, respect for the law, and knowledge of the fundamentals of first aid.

# Peeps at Things to Come

**Faster Rifling.** A new tool for rifling gun barrels accomplishes its exacting work in a small fraction of the time customarily required. Machine-gun barrels of .30 caliber could be rifled on older machines in 15 minutes or more, but the new machine does the job better at a rate of one every minute. Barrels for .50-caliber guns, which took 45 minutes the old way, are rifled at the rate of 30 an hour on the new machine.

**Antiseptic Floors.** Athlete's foot and like skin infections commonly spread by walking barefoot over the floors of locker rooms may be controlled by the germicidal properties of a special type of cement floor. The cement is a modification of a common one used for stucco and floors made of magnesium oxychloride, but containing finely powdered metallic copper. The addition of copper to the cement not only improves its wearing and weathering qualities, but also makes it antiseptic over long periods, perhaps permanently. Many types of microorganisms, including both bacteria and molds, are killed by contact with the cement.

**Longer Tire Life.** With rubber supplies still a problem, increased life of rubber tires is especially important. Drivers can help by properly inflating their tires and by watching their car speeds. A tire designed for 30 pounds' air pressure loses a fifth of its life if run at only 27 pounds' pressure. Tires last twice as long at 30 miles an hour as at 60, three times as long as at 70 miles.

**Wax from Sugar Cane.** A new source of wax for polishes and industrial uses has been found in a waste from the milling of sugar cane to supply sugar. The wax occurs on the surface of cane stalks, but in amounts too small to pay to recover. However, when the cane is pressed, part of the wax is carried along with the juice and can be economically recovered from the mud removed from the juice during clarification. Waxes generally used have been imported and are now scarce. A new domestic source estimated to produce 6 or 7 million pounds of wax annually is hence an important find.

**Rubber Flooring.** Explosives plants must be guarded in every possible way against sparks. Latest addition to the safety of such plants is rubber floor covering which is a conductor, instead of an insulator, of electricity. Sparks of static electricity, which provide a serious hazard when plant floors are covered with an insulating layer, are avoided by the new rubber which is also resistant to chemicals and solvents. Previously the conductive rubber has

proved valuable in tires to avoid the accumulation of electric charges on vehicles.

**Natural Substitutes.** Now that priorities interfere with supplies of synthetic resins, paint and varnish makers are remembering the natural gums and resins they once used. Apparently the exigencies of the national-defense program are forcing the calendar backward and the natural products may become substitutes for synthetic substitutes for the duration of the emergency.

**Saving the Salad.** Discoloration of freshly sliced fruits for salad or other use has long been the bane of chefs. Now a simple treatment has been found which effectively prevents this. The sliced fruit is dipped for 30 seconds in a very dilute solution of thiocarbamide in water, drained, and placed in the refrigerator until needed without fear of discoloration.

**Defense Savings.** Seldom are we aware of the magnitude of little things used in immense numbers. Recently attention has been directed to saving needed metals by the substitution of plastics, and one of the simple items where plastics could actually do metal's job better was cited as the tip of a shoelace. Investigation has now shown that some half a million pounds of metals, largely tin—which is both expensive and badly needed elsewhere—could be saved annually through this substitution.

**Coin Mats for Science.** Usually science supplies the new ideas, but this one goes into the laboratory from the teller's window. Users of microscopes

often have difficulty in picking up the thin glass slides and thinner cover glasses used to hold specimens for examination. It does not speak well for the familiarity of scientists with handling coins that only now has it been discovered that the rubber coin mat universally used by cashiers and bank tellers is a ready-made solution for this vexing problem of handling glass slides.

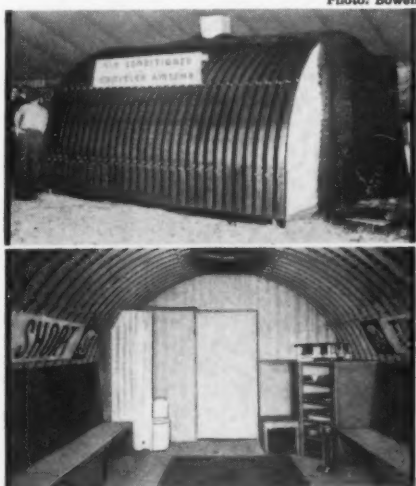
**Magnesium for Defense.** Modern aerial warfare demands magnesium, the lightest of structural metals, in huge quantities for the construction of planes and for use in incendiary bombs and flares. The program of production of magnesium in the United States calls now for some 200,000 tons of the metal annually. This compares with a total production in the United States of less than 500 tons in 1929 and a little over 3,000 tons in 1939. One of the important new sources of the metal, which is a third lighter than aluminum, is sea water. Nearly 800 tons of sea water must be treated to obtain one ton of metal.

**Water Softening with Coal.** By treating bituminous coal with sulphur trioxide at 300° F., an effective water-softening agent can be made. The treated coal in small pieces of uniform size forms a bed over which hard water is passed for softening. The treated coal combines with lime and magnesium, releasing hydrogen to the water in their stead. When the bed becomes saturated, it can be regenerated and its efficiency restored by washing with acid.

**New Insecticide.** Tetramethyl thiuram disulfide, a chemical used in the rubber industry, has been found effective as a repellent for Japanese beetles and in killing other insect pests. Even "dollar spot" and "brown patch" on golf greens are reported to yield to a treatment with four ounces of the chemical per thousand square feet. If the new use of the compound is to develop generally, a new name will have to be coined for it to save those who must ask for it from laryngitis or brain fog.

**Cotton for Powder.** Manufacture of smokeless powder requires treatment of cellulose with nitric acid and the cellulose used is the formerly wasted short fibers remaining on the seed after the staple has been removed in the gin. Now demand for linters exceeds the supply and methods of using the long fibers are being developed. Because long fibers become matted in the treatment and hence are unevenly attacked by the acid, it is necessary to cut them into short lengths. A machine developed by United States Department of Agriculture engineers converts staple cotton to the equivalent of linters at a rate of two tons an hour and thus makes Government surplus cotton available for powder manufacture.

This department is conducted by D. H. Killeffer. Address inquiries to Peeps Department, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.



MAYBE "it can't happen here," but in case it does, air-conditioned air-raid shelters such as this may protect nonbelligerents from falling bombs. It's still in the experimental stage.



# Rotarians of 102 Clubs Dine Together!

I STOOD, braced for anything, in the inmost office. Suddenly my Chief, who had been looking through me, now looked at me, and popped:

"Good morning. What is the First Object of Rotary?"

"Good morning. 'The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service,'" I quoted, glibly. "Or, if you wish—fellowship. . . . But, hey, what is this—school?"

Ignoring my question, the Editor continued. "Fellowship sums it up nicely, and your next excursion is to take you right into one of Rotary's favorite ways of enlarging fellowship—an intercity meeting."

A beatific smile illumined my countenance, and Scoopy's tail beat a rapid tattoo on the desk.

"I know what you're thinking," our Boss went on. "That Burlington duck dinner last year, or perhaps the one at Stuttgart, Arkansas. Or the red ham gravy dunk fest at Centralia, Missouri—or the traditional gatherings at Winni-

peg, Canada; or McCook, Nebraska; or Russell, Kansas; or Royal Oak, Michigan—"

"Stop, Chief!" I begged. "You're choking me. When, and where, do I go—and might I have a ham sandwich while I'm waiting?"

The Boss grew serious.

"This year, the fellowship intercity meeting of the Rochester, New York, Rotary Club comes of age—it's the 21st annual celebration," he said. "Because it is the

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So that bracketed President plane at R the Club among a gathered t evening's in case or

might be turned in. And exactly 1,268 turned up for the dinner, too.

While I did not meet any Rotarians who came afoot (unless they were Rochester residents) nor any who made the trip by dog sled, practically every other form of transport was used.

A quick checkup showed 102 different Rotary Clubs from nine different Districts represented. Rochester's own District, the 171st, had every one of its 40 Clubs represented, two of them—Mama

# TIGHT BOU



... we enjoyed both. We visited, made new friends, renewed old acquaintanceships. And then President Tom Davis told us about his recent visit to Britain and of the fellowship and service he had found there. A perfect Rotary day.

So it is with the many intercity meetings of Rotary Clubs. Some, like those already mentioned, are annual events. Others, quite as large, are occasional meetings. Some are small gatherings of Clubs closely clustered, and others are meetings where Rotarians travel great distances.

But all of them cherish "acquaintance as an opportunity for service!"

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN

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"This year, the fellowship intercity meeting of the Rochester, New York, Rotary Club comes of age—it's the 21st annual celebration," he said. "Because it is the biggest of all the gatherings of which I know and typical of the fellowship that intercity meetings foster, I want you to accompany President Tom Davis to this one."

So that's "how come" Scoopy and I bracketed Rotary International's genial President as we stepped from the airplane at Rochester. Though escorted to the Club offices, we were nearly lost among a hundred or more Rotarians gathered there to beg for tickets for the evening's *filet mignon* and *fixin's*, just in case one of the 1,286 already sold

might be turned in. And exactly 1,286 turned up for the dinner, too.

While I did not meet any Rotarians who came afoot (unless they were Rochester residents) nor any who made the trip by dog sled, practically every other form of transport was used.

A quick checkup showed 102 different Rotary Clubs from nine different Districts represented. Rochester's own District, the 171st, had every one of its 40 Clubs represented, two of them—Mount Morris and Canisteo—by 100 percent of their members. Near-by District 169 likewise had two Clubs 100 percent present, Holly and the international Club at Lewiston (New York)-Queenstown (Canada).

A new record for the 21 meetings was set when 36 past and present officers of Rotary International were present, topping by ten the previous number. The attendance also set a new record, being greater than the previous high mark, that of 1938, by the magical number of 222. The only record left unshattered was the total number of Clubs present, the 105 mark of 1936 which welcomed President Emeritus Paul P. Harris and General Secretary Chesley R. Perry being rocked by 1941's 102, but still "tops."

When the first intercity meeting of the Rochester Rotary Club was held in 1921, 372 individuals from 27 Clubs gathered to hear the late Albert S. Adams, who was then Immediate Past President of Rotary International. The growth has been steady ever since, and the last six years the crowd has taxed the capacity of the ballroom, in which all the dinners have been held. This one bulged the walls!

The program? Fellowship. We sang. We also had some music—there is a difference, but we enjoyed both. We visited, made new friends, renewed old acquaintanceships. And then President Tom Davis told us about his recent visit to Britain and of the fellowship and service he had found there. A perfect Rotary day.

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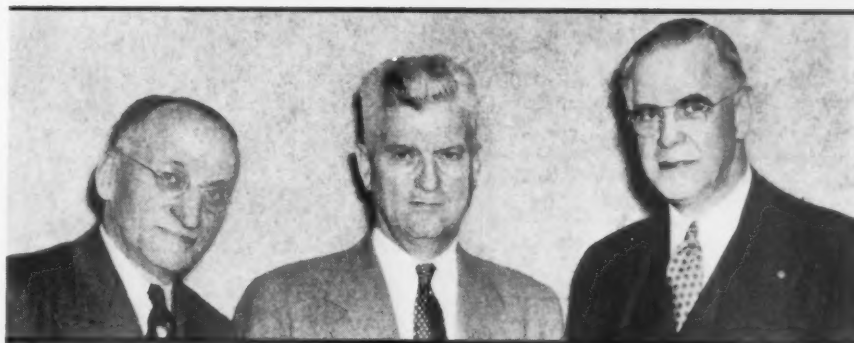




NO—not sleepy! Flash bulbs bursting in air momentarily blind President Davis at luncheon. Past International Vice-President Frank Phillips is at the left end; next is V. James Morgan, President of the Rochester Club; and right, Dr. Albert W. Beaven.

A REUNION of three Governors of the class of 1921-22. Left to right: Joseph A. Caulder, then of Moose Jaw, Sask., now of Toronto (19th District); President Davis (20th District); and Hart I. Seely, Waverly, N.Y. (District 4). All have been international Directors.

PENCIL points wore out with surprising rapidity when The Man began filling his scratchpad with the names of Rotary officers at the luncheon tendered President Davis. He had noted 40, including Governor G. R. Webb, of Gananoque, Canada, with the last one.





TORONTO, where Rotary's Convention will be held in June, sent a delegation to the dinner. From left to right they are: Andrew H. Wallace, formerly at St. Catherine's and Past Governor of the old

27th District; J. Ritchie, Past President of the Toronto Rotary Club; John J. Gibson, Past Director of Rotary International; and Joseph A. Caulder, who is also a Past Director of Rotary International.



PRESENT Governors came, too. The three pictured here are, from left to right: Claire C. Bateman, of District 171, in which host Club Rochester is located; Charles A. Miller, Utica, N. Y., who combines being Secretary of the Utica Rotary Club with governing District 172; Roland A. Luhmann, Youngstown, Ohio, District 158.

Next is a Past Governor: the Rev. Henry Gatley, now of Rochester, who was Governor of the old 6th District the same year that Tom Davis was President of the Butte, Mont., Club, then in that District. Fifth man is Rotarian A. C. Rissberger, of Rochester, N. Y., who was President Davis' roommate in their years at the U. of Michigan.

A PARTIAL VIEW of the immense throng that met to enjoy fellowship and to hear President Davis' report on Rotary in Great Britain.



# Remember Toronto in 1924?



WHEN ROTARY holds its 1942 Convention in Toronto, Ont., Canada, next June, veteran Conventioners will hark back to its earlier reunion there—and may even recall this bear cub.

IF YOU remember "Long Tom" Phillips, you remember his camera. An inseparable pair!



MANY will recognize Sidney B. McMichael, who gave Toronto's invitation at the 1940 Convention at Denver. In 1924 he was Chair-

man of the Host Club Executive Committee. Reading to the right, we meet again H. B. Craddick, Everett Hill (elected President at

the 1924 Convention), Frank Lamb, Former Governor of Illinois Frank O. Lowden, W. D. Fish. Below: A House of Friendship group.



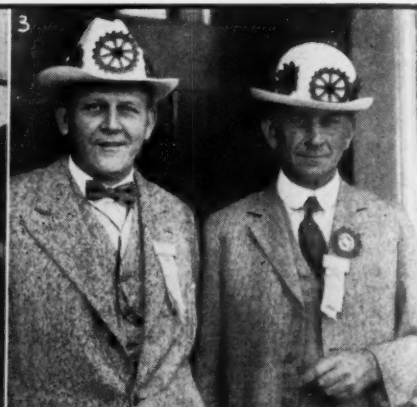




ABOVE: A group of happy Conventioners. Below: (1) Two District Governors, then known as "Chubby" and "Tubby." Why? (2) One-third of the party of 15 which came all the

way from Mexico. (3) Will Kansas please identify these two sunflower-bedecked representatives? (4) A Rotary threesome from Cuba at Toronto in 1924. (5) Many kiltie

bands made music—or noise, if you're not a Scot—and this group came from "The Sunshine City." (6) An international group from south of the equator at the Convention Hall.



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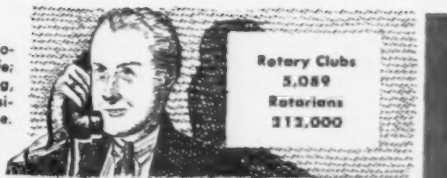
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## THE FOUR OBJECTS OF ROTARY

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster: (1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service; (2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society;

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life; (4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.



# Rotary Reporter

## Hawaiian Club Treasures Letter

Among the valued archives of the Rotary Club of HILO, HAWAII, is a letter from the late Sanford B. Dole—the last President of the Republic of Hawaii, the first Governor of the Territory of Hawaii, and a member of the Rotary Club of HONOLULU from 1919 to 1926, the year of his death. The letter was written to C. S. Carlsmith, founder President of the HILO Rotary Club, who later became District Governor, during the Club's first year. It reads:

I have received your kind letter of yesterday—the good letter of a fellow Rotarian.

I had hoped to be in HILO while the local Rotary Club had its regular meeting. I am sorry that I cannot accept your invitation.

I confess to some enthusiasm for the Rotarian movement; it appears that the most primitive Christian churches were clubs, and I regard the Rotary Clubs as having for their foundation principles, the main elements of Christian practice.

It is a fine influence for any community to have such a Club established in it, and to be carried on by its members according to its spirit.

Yours very sincerely in the Rotarian fellowship,

S. B. DOLE

## Here's a Record—300 Percent Plus!

Recently the Rotary Club of KANE, PA., entertained the two Clubs it had sponsored, MOUNT JEWETT and MARIENVILLE, PA. Since each of the three was present with 100 percent of its members, the Clubs voted to call it a 300 percent meeting—and as a plus, the speaker of the evening was a member of the Club that sponsored the sponsor Club, KANE!

## Club Makes News Sans Dog Biting

Rotary Club meetings are usually good "copy" for the local newspapers, but the STUDIO CITY, CALIF., Rotary Club has proved itself unusually news worthy, for from four to six stories appear every week in the local papers! And, apparently, it has never had to bite a dog to do it!

## Dayton Members Always Present

Perhaps it's the certificate they obtain after ten years of perfect attendance, or perhaps they're just good Rotarians, but the Rotary Club of DAYTON, OHIO, has 16 members who haven't missed a meeting in five years or more and ten more "coming up" with from one to five years. The champions, with 18, 17, and 16 years, respectively, will be pictured soon in these columns in a display of perfect attenders' portraits.

## Where Can We 'Make Up'?

The Rotary Club of CLEVELAND, OHIO, does not need to answer this question, for each member has received from the Club Service Com-

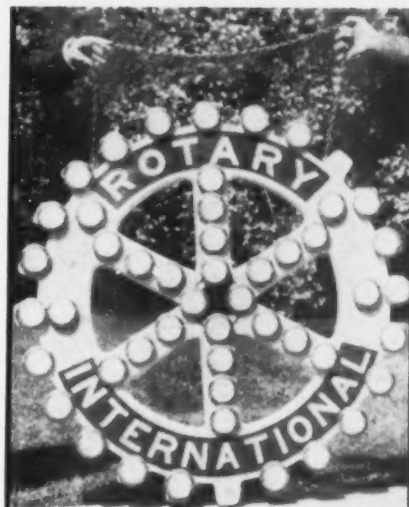
mittee a card listing all near-by Clubs and those of large cities where Clevelanders are wont to go, showing day, hour, and place of meeting. . . . Rotarians of California and Hawaii, in their six Districts, have a small folder showing similar information for all Clubs in that area—216 of them.

## Uruguayans Give Magazines to Sick

In one month the Rotary Club of SAN JOSÉ, URUGUAY, furnished more than 150 magazines for patients in hospitals and inmates of asylums.

## Rotary in a World at War

Rotary Clubs having members or the sons of members at the following posts are asked to notify the Secretaries of the near-by Clubs mentioned. These Clubs wish to entertain the men in the service, especially those with Rotary connections. Men at Fort George Wright or Geiger Air Field,



THE MEMBERS of the Princeton, Ind., Rotary Club find their badges on this wheel board, the work and gift of Member A. McFarridge.



A JOINT MEETING of the Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs of Chester, Pa., during National Dairy Week was held in the dairy barns of the partnership of Kiwanian Miller-Rotarian Charles L. Flounders, where the visitors found that "dairy barns are clean enough to eat in!"



THANKS to the Rotary Club of Tampa, Fla., the West Tampa Boys' Club has this fine club house, which replaces the one previously furnished by the Rotary Club, and which the boys outgrew. It has large play and game rooms inside and four acres of playground near-by.



TO FIND adult cripples not now treated, the Jonesboro, Ark., Rotary Club sponsored, with marked success, a booth at the County Fair.

write to the SPOKANE, WASH., Rotary Club. . . . At Sheppard Field, write to the Rotary Club of WICHITA FALLS, TEX. . . . Men stationed near, passing through, or enlisting at WINDSOR, ONT., CANADA, are asked to contact the Rotary Club of that city.

Collections at the NAIROBI, KENYA, Rotary Club have made it possible to send 18 parcels of tea, coffee, and sugar to as many Rotary Clubs in Great Britain for distribution to air-raid victims. . . . Selectees leaving for camp from GRAHAM, N. C., usually depart at an early hour in the morning, so the Rotary Club now arranges a program, including a short devotional service and presentation of a testament, cigarettes, and candy, as well as a hot drink.

All the Rotary Clubs of British Columbia are raising money for the Queen's Canadian Fund for air-raid victims. A goal of \$25,000 has been set and already \$10,000 has been forwarded through the Rotary Club of VANCOUVER, B. C. . . . The wives of Rotarians of AMHERSTBURG, ONT., CANADA, have made a donation of \$25 to the Queen's Fund, \$100 to the Club's crippled-children fund, and a \$100 victory bond to the Club.

From SWISSVALE, PA., the Rotary Club sent 400 pounds of clothing to the LONDON, ENGLAND, Club for blitz victims. . . . When a shipment of clothes for wrecked seamen and other war sufferers sent by the Rotary Club of ADELAIDE, AUSTRALIA, to the NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, ENGLAND, Rotary Club was lost at sea through enemy action, the insurance money was cabled to the NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE Club



WITHIN 48 hours after U. S. defense bonds were put on sale, every one of the members of the Rotary Club of Warsaw-Kenansville, N. C., had purchased one or more, as shown here. While they hope they are not the only Club to buy 100 percent, they think they were first!

for immediate help for those in need.

Shipment of blood plasma continues to be made to bombed countries. The Rotary Club of RENFREW, ONT., CANADA, has appealed for additional donations to be sent to England. . . . When the COLCHESTER, ENGLAND, Blood Donors Society appealed for three transfusion sets recently, the Rotary Club promptly furnished one.

For ten days 38 members of the R. A. F. were home guests of the members of the SOUTHAMPTON, ONT., CANADA, Rotary Club, recently. . . . Both the SUNDERLAND and the BANBURY, ENGLAND, Rotary Clubs have "adopted" a mine sweeper and are furnishing extra comforts for the crews.

"Rotary as usual!" Though fire swept the meeting place of the HULL, ENGLAND, Rotary Club, the fire-blackened bell was recovered and found to be as sweet of tone as ever. Remounted, it bears an inscription describing its recent history. . . . The PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND, Rotary Club has resumed publication of its weekly bulletin. . . . The MATLOCK, ENGLAND, Rotary Club recently took in six new members at one meeting.

Soldiers, sailors, airmen, and nurses from NELSON, AUSTRALIA, leaving for overseas stations take with them a "holdall" as a gift of the Rotary Club. . . . To erect nine huts at the National Fitness Camp, the SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, Rotary Club spent £1,800. . . . Free movies for servicemen, free auto transportation, and various comforts in barracks and camps have been provided by the CALCUTTA, INDIA, Rotary Club.

With the influx of troops into Palestine, the HAIFA Rotary Club has arranged for the entertainment of members of the armed forces.

At the request of the Rotary Club of ABBROATH, SCOTLAND, the WAXAHACHIE, TEX., Rotary Club has made a donation to the British Red Cross through the former Club. . . . For relief of needy persons bombed out in LONDON, ENGLAND, the Rotary Club of WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT., has made donation of \$300 to the English Club. . . . The Rotary Club of MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, has acknowledged the gift of \$1,100 for relief purposes from the "sister" Club of MANCHESTER, N. H.

Special services of the PORT ELIZABETH, SOUTH AFRICA, Rotary Club include a mobile canteen from the wives of members, 20 members in active war work,

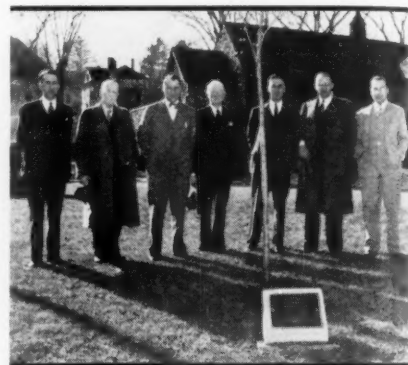
and funds for the Toc H and Y. M. C. A. War Work Council. . . . DURBAN, SOUTH AFRICA, Rotarians are furnishing a mobile canteen. . . . The BENDIGO, AUSTRALIA, Rotary Club has undertaken to furnish parcels for two Australian prisoners of war. . . . The Rotary Club of MALACCA, STRAITS SETTLEMENTS, has organized fortnightly sightseeing parties, ending with tea and rest at a member's estate for Australian soldiers stationed there.

#### Club Fêtes Town's Pioneers

For the eighth successive year the Rotary Club of MARTIN, TENN., was host to the men of the town over 80 years old at its annual "Pioneer Day" meeting recently. This year 21 octogenarians attended.

#### Rotary Links Farm and Town

To speed diversification of crops by increasing beef and dairy cattle breeding, the Rotary Club of GREENSBORO, ALA., sponsored a dairy show in which the Junior Chamber of Commerce and the State Department of Agriculture cooperated. Entries covered a large territory. . . . When the Rock



A BRONZE tablet now marks the tree planted two years ago by President Emeritus Paul P. Harris for the Rumford, Me., Rotary Club.

FALLS, ILL., Rotary Club held its first farmers' night program, not long ago, 25 farmers of the community were present.

Other Rotary Clubs with farm-city programs include those of CLINTON, Mo.; OBERLIN, KANS.; NEW LONDON, WIS. (with 1,000 guests); and BELoit, WIS.

#### More Indian Villages Adopted

Some time ago the LAHORE, INDIA, Rotary Club "adopted" the near-by village of AMAR SIDHU, and undertook a comprehensive plan of community betterment in health and social conditions, with conspicuous success. Now the BARODA, INDIA, Rotary Club has entered upon a similar work for the village of NAVI DHARTI, and the Rotary Club of LUCKNOW, INDIA, is engaged in a like program at MATIARI.

#### That the Halt May Walk Again

To raise the level of its crippled-children fund, the Rotary Club of BELDING, MICH., sponsored a "birling" match. Know what birling is? It consists of standing on a floating log and trying to walk the other fellow off



of it! . . . In Texas members of the Rotary Club of HULL-DAISETTA and their friends enjoyed a barbecue dinner, then took part in a fox hunt. Proceeds of the dinner added a tidy sum to the Club's crippled-children fund. . . . Since school law in Oklahoma does not provide for special funds for crippled-children schools, the Rotary Club of Ponca City has made possible special training for such, including children with speech defects and other retarding deformities. Parents pay a modest tuition, and the Club underwrites the expenses. Trained teachers have been secured and the school board furnishes the room and standard equipment.

The CHARLOTTE, N. C., Rotary Club contributes to a monthly clinic for crippled children, which treated 45 cases each month during the last Rotary year, of which 162 were new ones. . . . The ELKINS, W. VA., Rotary Club paid for ten tonsil and adenoid operations, one Schick (diphtheria) test, eyeglasses, and dental work for poor children in the schools. . . . The PORTLAND, OREG., Rotary Club gave \$1,000 to the local Shriners' crippled-children hospital. . . . So that crippled children can get to the Visiting Nurse Association clinic, the OMAHA, NEBR., Rotary Club furnishes automobile service.

#### Letters, Visits Link Americas

With a view of better understanding Rotary Clubs in the other Americas, the Rotary Club of CLAYTON, Mo., is writing to one or more of them to initiate a regular exchange of correspondence. . . . The Rotary Club of FOSTORIA, OHIO, has prepared a circular in Spanish describing its city, which is sent with a Spanish letter to the Secretary of an Ibero-American Rotary Club with the request that it be handed to the member whose classification most nearly matches that of the individual member who signs it. . . . A similar project was recently completed by the TOMAH, WIS., Rotary Club. The answers, which included at least one from every Ibero-American country with a Rotary Club, were bound as an "intercity meeting" book. . . . Rotarians of the 107th and 108th Districts (southern California) made a goodwill tour from LOS ANGELES, CALIF., to MEXICO CITY, MEXICO, recently.

#### Club Service around the World

That Rotary Club Service activities are very much the same in every clime is proved by a questionnaire from the Rotary Club of BOMBAY, INDIA, which includes such questions as:

How would you improve facilities for Rotarians to become better acquainted with each other?

What do you think of the quality of the lunches?

Can you suggest any cause that might keep Rotarians away?

Do you think the Club is too large?

Do you think the average standard of addresses good, bad, or indifferent?

Are you a regular attendant? If not, why?

Do you make any attempt before lunch to talk to Rotarians you don't know or do you, when you come to the Club, always associate with your friends?

The 27 members of the Rotary Club of SEREMBAN, FEDERATED MALAY STATES, is made up of eight nationalities—4 each are Malay or Indian, 8 are Chinese, 5



TYPICAL of the work with crippled children mentioned in the adjoining column is this Christmas party given by the Butler, Pa., Rotary Club. Last year 104 children enjoyed the arrival of Santa Claus, who drove his bantam auto right through the hotel lobby into the party.



QUIZ KIDS, working with a prepared script, presented the funniest program in a long time to the Harrisburg, Pa., Rotary Club, according to all reports. "Kids" and "quizmaster" were all Club members, and the questions and answers reflected local quips and questions.

British, 2 Ceylonese, 2 Japanese, 1 American, and 1 Eurasian. . . . The neighboring Club of KLANG AND COAST keeps a members' record book with pictures and outstanding facts about each member; also a Club book with pictures of Club functions.

Rotarians of VICHY, FRANCE, must pay for 60 percent of all meals in advance. If they miss any of these in a three-month period, the extra sum collected goes to the Club's charity fund. If a member misses the other 40 percent, he is fined 20 francs for each one if not excused, and ten francs if excused, the money going to the charity fund.

Both the BANGALORE, INDIA, and the DEWSBURY, ENGLAND, Rotary Clubs have tried meetings at which members of the four major Committees sat together at one meeting. At DEWSBURY, Committee meetings followed the luncheon; at BANGALORE, Committee reports were given.

#### African Clubs Hold Essay Contest

A competition has been held in the 55th District (South Africa, Kenya, and Southern Rhodesia) for the best essay on "How to Interpret and Apply Vocational Service."

#### Sarawak Club Gives Varied Service

The Rotary Club of KUCHING, SARAWAK, has carried on a seven-point program in the past year. Among the services were agitation for increased schooling, promotion of a

blood-transfusion program, gathering books and magazines for the troops at SINGAPORE, free milk for students at the convent and help for orphans in the schools, sponsorship of Boy Scouts and the St. John Ambulance, helping discharged prisoners, and education in traffic rules.

#### Club Opens Bantu Center

A social center for Bantu natives has been opened by the Rotary Club of DURBAN, SOUTH AFRICA. The Club has furnished the building and plans to equip it for rest and recreation purposes.

#### Ghosts Walk; Youth Profits

The annual Halloween Frolic of the Rotary Club of STRATFORD, ONT., CANADA, resulted in a profit of \$7,000 for the Club's Crippled-Children and Youth Service Work. A donation of \$1,000 was made to the Canadian Red Cross from the sum. The Club spends about \$3,000 each year for crippled-children clinics, surgical care and hospitalizing, braces, shoes, etc., and has 75 children on the list of those receiving attention at present.

The remainder of the money will take care of the expenses of a Summer-camp period for 400 boys and girls at the seven-acre site maintained by the Club on Lake Huron, and for hockey and other sports for the youth of the vicinity. Any residue will be donated to various war funds.



**THE 1942 Assembly.** The 1942 International Assembly for incoming officers and a limited number of outgoing officers and officials of Rotary International will be held at the famed Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, Que., Canada, June 15 to 19, 1942, the week before the Convention at Toronto. A major function of the Assembly is the instruction of District Governors-Nominees.

The Board of Directors has authorized a Rotary Institute for past and present officers of Rotary, to be held simultaneously with the Assembly. The separate sessions of the Institute and the Assembly will be held at the same hours, while the fellowship activities will be held jointly.

**Want a Calendar?** RUFUS F. CHAPIN, Treasurer of Rotary International, and inventor of the "Utilitarian Calendar," whose single page will serve for any and all months, will be glad to send one to anybody interested. His address is 1320 North State Street, Chicago, Ill.

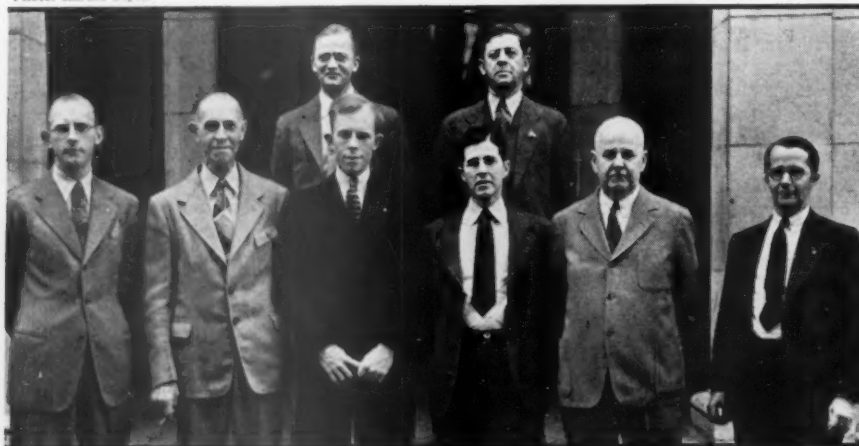
**Stork Inspires Poet.** When ROTARIAN ATLEE R. McCANDLISH read in the Philadelphia, Pa., Rotary Club *Weekly Bulletin* that GUY GUNDAKER, a fellow member and Past President of Rotary International, was in the hospital under observation, and then a week later that GUY was a proud grandfather, he broke into this verse:

*Harken, ye doctors of all degrees,  
Record the date precisely,  
Clarence Gundaker, Jr.'s born  
And Grandpa's doing nicely.*

*You well know the medical honors  
The obstetrician will get,  
Despite his modest disclaimer,  
"I ain't lost a Grandpa yet."*

*So skoal to the obstetrician,  
And a toast—let Grandpa buy—  
To Clarence K. Gundaker, Jr.,  
And Grandpa—that regular Guy.*

Photo: Harold Seyler



**FATHERS win, with three of a kind against sons' two pairs!** The Batavia, Ohio, Rotary Club presents these teams: (back row) Son Russell and Father Eli H. Speidel. (Left to right, front row) James, George, and Clarke Gregg; Hugh C., Allan B., and Harold D. Nichols.

**Horrors!** When he was made foreman of the Federal Grand Jury recently, ROTARIAN DAVID J. MARTIN almost missed the opening game of baseball's world's series. And what made it all the more a near tragedy was that he's from Brooklyn, N. Y!

**Heart Beats for Others.** Since August, 1938, ROTARIAN WILLIAM T. WILSON, of Hull, Que., Canada, has been called upon seven times as a member of the Canadian Red Cross Society Blood Donor Service—and seven times has responded. In all he has given 3,100 cubic centimeters of blood, or more than three quarts. His blood is type "O," the universal type which can be used with any of the others. His Rotary Club recently presented him with a pin in recognition of this community service.

**Youngest?** At the tender age of just 21 years, ARMOUR FAIR recently entered the Centralia, Wash., Rotary Club, of which his father was previously a member. Since only adults may be Rotarians, the Centralia Club thinks it has—for the time being, at least—the youngest Rotarian.

**Proud Father.** ROTARIAN READE F. TILLEY, of Clearwater, Fla., is both proud and a little worried when he reads of the exploits of the American Eagle Squadron of the British Royal Air Force, for his son is SERGEANT-PILOT READE F. TILLEY, JR., of that body.

At the moment PILOT TILLEY is in the hospital, having broken his leg in landing when forced to bail out of his plane. Before this enforced vacation, he met the British Chief of the Air Staff, had tea with DOWAGER QUEEN MARY, and was personally complimented by H. R. H.

THE DUKE OF KENT, honorary Patron of Rotary in Great Britain.

When he went to get his uniform, PILOT TILLEY patronized a Past President of the Scunthorpe, England, Rotary Club, who promptly wrote about the visit to ROTARIAN TILLEY, telling also of his experiences in arranging programs during war conditions.

**Another Governor.** To the lists previously published here of State Governors who are Rotarians, you may now add the name of DWIGHT H. GREEN, of Illinois, who has been elected an honorary member of the Springfield, Ill., Rotary Club. GOVERNOR GREEN said he knew of no way a man could be of greater service to his fellowmen than through Rotary.

**Will Attend.** Barring wartime emergencies, the Governor General of Canada, THE EARL OF ATHLONE, and his wife, PRINCESS ALICE, have accepted the invi-



THE Hucknall, England, Rotary Club boasts two "100 percent attenders" for 15 years! Left: Henry Morley, R. I. Representative, District 7; and Claude Bullock. Each has been President of the Club, as the badges show.

tation to attend and officially to open the 1942 Convention of Rotary International at Toronto, Ont., Canada, June 21 to 25.

**Book.** *Rings on Her Fingers*, a new book about life in Texas, is from the pen of JANETTE SEBRING LOWREY, wife of ROTARIAN FRED LOWREY, of San Antonio, Tex.

**Busy President.** After an exhausting, because it was action-packed, meeting of the Executive Committee in Chicago, TOM J. DAVIS, President of Rotary International, returned to his home in Butte, Mont., for a "rest," which included some attention to his law practice and several Rotary intercity meetings. On November 10 he attended an intercity gathering at Windsor, Ont., Canada; then flew to Brownsville, Tex., with a stop at Chicago, Ill., to leave on an official visit to South and Central America. MRS. DAVIS accompanied him.

PRESIDENT AND MRS. DAVIS visited Rotary Clubs in Mexico, Central America, Colombia, Ecuador, Venezuela, the Netherlands West Indies, Puerto Rico, and Cuba before returning to Butte for Christmas. During January PRESIDENT

DAVIS will visit Clubs in California during the first part of the month, and then will return to Chicago for the January meeting of the Board of Directors.

**Bright Bits.** A statistically minded member of the Rotary Club of Boyertown, Pa., has figured that of the 57,510,000 square miles of the earth's land surface, countries aggregating 31,885,551 square miles, or 55.5 percent, have Rotary Clubs. . . . ROTARIAN HOWARD WEED, of Portland, Oreg., is an iris grower by classification. . . . The "art editor" of the Erie, Pa., *Club Bulletin* recently depicted the struggles of an editor to produce the paper—and ended the pictures with two lines of type: "What's the program today?" "I don't know—I didn't look at my *Bulletin*."

The women guests of the North Sydney, Australia, ladies' day meeting were greeted by this verse, sung to the tune of *The Bells of St. Mary's*:

*The belles of North Sydney are here in full blooming;  
Some slim ones, some plump ones, but all fair to see.  
So fill up your bellows, and sing like good fellows,  
Mid belles so sweet this is a treat, for you and me.*

**Rotary and Roses.** The annual Pasadena, Calif., Tournament of Roses was, this year, quite a Rotary affair. Active in the arrangements was ROTARIAN EDGAR W. MAYBURY. Vice-president of the Tournament of Roses Association is JAMES K. INGHAM, Immediate Past Governor of District 107. L. H. TURNER, LATHROP K. LEISHMAN, and HARLAN G. LOUD are directors—and are past presidents of the Association. Serving on committees are ROTARIANS L. J. MEILLETTE, LANGLEY J. GOODMAN, and J. HERBERT HALL. All are members of the Pasadena Rotary Club.

**Air and Make-Up Minded.** When they learned that their making up an absence would give their Rotary Club of Springfield, Vt., a 100 percent meeting, three members — FRED GREENWOOD, RALPH WOODRUFF, and MITCHELL HELLER — flew in ROTARIAN GREENWOOD's plane to Springfield, Mass., for the regular meeting. They enjoyed a special reception, but ROTARIAN HELLER, having his first airplane ride on a bumpy day, questioned the wisdom of the trip at one time!

**Letter from England.** The wives of Rotarians of Winnipeg, Man., Canada, sent a bundle of clothing and other necessities to the Rotary Club of Southampton, England, and received a letter of acknowledgment, which read:

On behalf of the President and members of the Rotary Club of Southampton, I beg to thank you for the wonderful gift of clothing, etc., which was delivered to us. We have no Women's Auxiliary in the Club, but we can always and often do call on our ladies for their advice and coöperation. . . . Your parcel is so very appropriate to our needs that I cannot make any suggestion for improvement, and the inference that more may come is very welcome, for I can assure you that the need is great.

Southampton has been badly smitten, but by no means cowed. It will take much more than Nazi brutality to get us down, and it is with proud feelings that I convey to you the determination of the people to carry on, and to do it cheerfully.

I have interviewed hundreds of homeless and destitute victims of enemy action, but

I have not yet heard a moan. It is almost unbelievable, but it is true, and I can never cease to marvel at the wonder of it. . . .

**Honors.** The Nora Young medal, on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of the founding of the Caledonian Hospital of Brooklyn, N. Y., was presented to ROTARIAN JACOB C. KLINCK, of that borough. The president of the hospital, DONALD G. C. SINCLAIR, and two of its directors, JUDGE LEWIS L. FAWCETT and JOSEPH W. CATHARINE, are also Rotarians, the last being President of the Brooklyn Club.

MAURICE J. MANNING, President of the Newton, Iowa, Rotary Club, is now also president of the Iowa Builders and Loan League. . . . FRANK HUGH SPARKS, Past President of the Indianapolis, Ind., Rotary Club and now a member at Crawfordsville, Ind., was recently inaugurated as the eighth president of 109-year-old Wabash College, at Crawfordsville.

Rotarians throughout the United States are active in community-chest campaigns. Typical of men giving this service is ROSS S. JENNINGS, a member of the Harrisburg, Pa., Rotary Club, who was general chairman of the \$300,000 drive in his community. . . . JOHN L. HANSELL, President of the Ambler, Pa., Rotary Club, will have extra cash for his city's community chest, since a



GOLDEN-wedding bells ring out for Rotarian and Mrs. Clinton A. Bowman, Denver, Colo.



RING again: Fifty years wed are Rotarian and Mrs. Charles Nyberg, Ironwood, Mich.



PRESIDENT TOM DAVIS in vastly different activities: (above) conferring with Henry Griggs, President, Rotary Club, and C. J. V. Bellamy, Past Club President and Mayor of Oxford, England; (below) being initiated into the Blood tribe of Blackfoot Indians at Waterton Lake, Alta.







LOOK ALIKE? They should! O. C. Skinner (left) is Past President of the Rome, Ga., Club and twin J. L. is a Memphis, Tenn., Rotarian.

picture he took not only won an award in the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* contest for amateur photographers, but won the grand \$500 prize in a national contest with other local prize winners.

Honored on his 25th anniversary as rector of Christ Church, Winnetka, Ill.,

was the REV. E. ASHLEY GERHARD, Past President of the Rotary Club of Winnetka. It was the 65th anniversary of the founding of the church.

The Office of Production Management is the richer by one more Rotarian's services—C. EDGAR HAMILTON, of Richmond, Ind., has been named a member of the Automotive Defense Advisory Committee. . . . ROTARIAN HARRY R. CULKIN, of Keokuk, Iowa, has been elected to the board of governors of the United States Wholesalers Association.

**Preserving History.** The historic Libby mansion in Portland, Me., has been purchased by DR. CHESTER H. HOLMES, a member of the Mount Vernon, N. Y., Rotary Club, and his sister and restored as one of the finest examples of Victorian art in Northeastern America.

**Worthy Edition.** *The Rotary Fellow*, publication of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Rotary Club, is ever a worthy Club publi-



HAVING "won his spurs" as Governor, District 157, Harry Hansen is presented with a century-old pair by the Waterville, Ohio, Club.

cation, but when it comes out with 88 pages and a cover, that's news! A recent issue includes the Club roster, with pictures and biographical data on all members, and a day-by-day account of a year's Club activities.

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN

## 'Have Any Old Fellows Got Mixed with the Boys?'

*Well, half of them are old enough to have sons as fellow Rotarian.  
But young or old, shy or bold, they are all counted in with the boys.*

The father is at left in each case: (1, 2) W. H. and J. M. Lee, North Sacramento, Calif.; (3, 4) C. L. and C. G. Oakes, and (5, 6) W. P. Longmire, Sr. and Jr., Sapulpa, Okla.; (7, 8) E. A. and R. B. Anderson, Winnetka, Ill.

Eight pairs from Toledo, Ohio: (9, 10) F. G. and P. P. Crandell; (11, 12) W. W. and E. F. Knight; (13, 14) L. H. and O. R. Hartman; (15, 16) G. B. and H. W. Parke; (17,

18) K. D. and Richard Keilholtz; (19, 20) J. D. and R. K. Biggers; (21, 22) Oliver and L. O. Gross; (23, 24) W. F. and C. G. Broer. (25, 26) H. I. and Wm. Holmes, Warrnambool, Australia; (27, 28) V. B. Ines, Sr. and Jr., Columbus, Miss.; (29, 30) J. P. and W. J. Foley, and (31, 32) G. M. and G. B. Strain, Galesburg, Ill.; (33, 34) G. R. Barnstead, Sr. and Jr., Stoneham, Mass.; (35, 36) W. L. and H. A. Watters, West Liberty, Iowa; (37, 38)

Andrew and Reginald Kemp, and (39, 40) A. T. and N. B. Davis, Hobart, Tasmania; (41, 42) W. A. and W. W. Marling; (43, 44) P. F. Hunter, Sr. and Jr.; (45, 46) H. C. and C. C. Bradley; (47, 48) R. J. and G. M. Neckerman; (49, 50) George and R. A. Nelson; (51, 52, 53) L. C., J. F., and P. L. Fleury; (54, 55) C. A. and R. L. Sakrison; (56, 57) D. P. and D. D. Wheeler; (58, 59) Louis and L. L. Gardner—all of Madison, Wis.



Photos: (6) Bachrach; (9) Fred Garrison; (10) Imogene Baker; (20) GreyStone Studios; (33, 34) Haviland; (43, 48, 55) Meuser Photoart.

## Opinion

### Healing Forces of the Mind

ALFRED T. CHANDLER, *Rotarian*  
Union Congregational Church  
Shafter, California

My friend Jack A. Lighthill, M. D., who has done some very significant service-club work with Boy Scouts in Shafter's F.S.A. Camp, last Summer brought back an old clock from the family homestead in Fort Wayne. He oiled and fixed it and set going the nostalgic, gruff chime. Inside the pendulum case, printed in old letters on yellowed paper, is the guaranty if the instructions for care are followed. It reads, "Warranted If Well Used." Similarly, democracy is like the old clock: it is a technique for living, and its Divine Author says of it, "Warranted If Well Used."

Karl T. Compton, writing in *THE ROTARIAN* for July, 1941, forcefully states the thesis that scientific developments may be used to put right the economic dislocations that cause so much of our warfare. But there is also another realm of our mental resources to be expended and utilized. "Man does not live by bread alone," Someone said. If just economic practices will banish fear of starvation, it is equally important to marshal the healing forces of the mind to banish defeat from the human heart.

### The Rotary Wheel

HARCOURT C. PRICE, *Rotarian*  
Proprietor, Hallam, Ltd.  
Sydney, Australia

What does it stand for, the Rotary wheel?

Does it denote just a smooth weekly round,

When we greet kindred souls and partake of a meal,

Where wit and good fellowship are to be found?

Then, unless some high purpose exists underneath,

Disconcertingly apt seems that circle of teeth!

But if to our Rotary code we are true,  
With all races in membership, all pledged to serve,

Ah! then there is nothing that we cannot do

Have we the devotion, the will, and the nerve:

And our emblem shall stand for a great driving force,

Which, when geared to the world,  
shall for peace set its course.

### Ideals Not Dreams, but Models

TOM C. JONES, *Rotarian*  
Owner, Insurance Company  
Hopkinsville, Kentucky

A Rotarian should know that the ideals of Rotary are working models for the members' daily lives, not dreams of aspirations. He should know that he is the representative of Rotary to his

line of business, and not a representative from his line to Rotary. He should be a safe man with whom to deal. To measure up to the standard of Rotary is to be representative of the very best there is in business or professional life. This does not mean that he is now the best or that he has attained the greatest success in his work. He must be an up-to-date master of his work. He must be receptive, broadminded, and unselfish. He must be willing to give of his knowledge and experience—give more than he can expect to receive.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

### No Friendship without Fellowship

WILLIAM ANTHONY, *Rotarian*  
District Mgr., Ginn & Company  
Baltimore, Maryland

In Rotary, as in all things, first things must come first. And by putting fellowship first, there is no danger of scuttling the many other fine values of Rotary. Certainly faith without works is dead. Men cannot go places if they are just a bunch of good-time Charlies. Unquestionably all the functional agencies of Rotary are vital. Work with boys, work with communities, work with charities, work with industry—all are part of the warp and woof of the life which Rotary reflects. But they are simply implements of men of goodwill. And such men will find ways to do these very same things no matter to what they belong, if they belong to any-

thing. The Four Objects of Rotary are excellent marks at which to keep shooting; they were designed by successful men with good vocabularies, by practical men with work complexes, by kindly men with hearts of gold. And even in these lofty confessions of belief, recognition is given, first of all, to getting together as good fellows. As a matter of fact, there can be no friendship until there is considerable fellowship.

This is a social axiom which makes the play program of Rotary all the more basal.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

### To Make a 'Swell' World

LESTER B. VERNON, *Rotarian*  
Vernon Gold & Refining Company  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

If a policy of national isolation will work for America, it will work for the individual citizen as well, and there is something cuckoo in all this blarney we hear about good citizenship, interest in community affairs, etc.

Build a high fence around your house, lean a shotgun at the gate, and tell the cockeyed community: "I don't know anything about your crazy politics nor your economics, and I'm not interested. I'm independent. See? My family and I can get along here without messing in your affairs, and mind that you don't try to mess in ours, as we have plenty of dry powder behind this fence, and I shoot straight. I can raise our own food and provide my family's other simple needs right here on my own place within this wall. I propose to trespass on nobody's property, so let no one trespass on mine. I ask no aid or protection from this community. I ask nothing of it, and I owe it nothing. I propose to pay no taxes for dishonest politicians to

Can you match the photo below for uniqueness, human interest, coincidence, or just plain out-of-the-ordinary-ness? Then send it to the Editors of *The Rotarian*—you will receive a check for \$3 if your "odd shot" is used. But remember—it must be different!

## Odd Shots



"LITTLE MAN, you've had a busy day"—and too tired to note, or care, that Rotarian William K. Streit, of Cincinnati, Ohio, caught him napping. But not so his beady-eyed dog!

squander, nor shell out money for causes I'm not interested in. I want no voice in your foolish political and economic wrangles which I don't understand and don't want to understand. As long as my family and I can live peacefully and in reasonable comfort here on my property (which happens to be a very good one, as you know), the community can go hang. I've come to the conclusion that trying to run other people's affairs is nothing but a headache and mostly a racket besides.

"So take notice all, I'm not messing in the affairs of this community in any way, shape, or form. I'm attending strictly to my own business, and I think everyone else should attend to his. If other people are in trouble—well, that's just their hard luck; they shouldn't be messing around. Anyway, as long as I can't see their troubles, by reason of my high fence, I'll worry nothing about them. The silly people outside can hate me for my aloofness and envy me my prosperity all they want to—there's nothing they can do about it, because this fence of mine is no cinch to climb over, and I can crack them off singly or in pairs or any other way they choose to come over. Yes, sir. If everyone will follow my example—isolate himself and avoid outside meddling—this will become a swell community in which to live, and not like it is now—full of problems which I don't understand. Peace, isolation, and nonintervention in affairs of the community—that's my dish. And if I can get along without meddling in community affairs—I and my family—then it follows that the whole nation can get along without meddling in world affairs, because my relationship with all the crazy people in this community is identical with the relationship between this country at large and all the other crazy countries. So I say isolate and quit all messing around, and this will become a swell world to live in, too. See?"

Yes, Colonel, perfectly scrumptious!—  
*An editorial in Live Steam, Rotary Club of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*

#### **'Within the Four Seas . . .'**

JONYOR C. LIAO, *Rotarian*  
*Chinese Consul*  
*Tampico, Mexico*

Too much emphasis cannot be given to the fact that the American democracies were founded on a new concept of the State, which differs widely from the old then prevailing in the Machiavellian Europe. As conceived by the founding fathers of the American Republics, the State is the means to secure the rights of man instead of jeopardizing them; it derives its just powers from the consent of its citizens instead of subjugating them to the whims of its rulers; and it serves as the medium through which an organized people could happily coexist and cooperate with other peoples for their common good. Indeed, it is inspiring to note that all American States have maintained ever since the republican form of government and that the ideal of international solidarity has always been cherished among them, as so eloquently enunciated by their statesmen and leaders, from Simon Bolivar, the Great Liberator, to Franklin D.

Roosevelt. We cannot help recalling with deep emotion the famous passage of Confucius: "Within the four seas, all men are brothers."—*From a Rotary Club address.*

#### **'I Like Rotary Because . . .'**

RICHARD ROHRER, *Rotarian*  
*Abstractor*  
*Junction City, Kansas*

I like Rotary, for I know of no other organization that offers a better chance for self-development. I like Rotary because it is composed of the best and most intelligent men of our community and I like to talk to an intelligent audience, and I like to hear intelligent men talk. I like Rotary because it stands for the best in business and because it is a selected group and to belong really means that the Rotarian is an outstanding and honored member of the trade or profession in which he is engaged, and should the time ever come, which God forbid, that I do not glow with pride at the thought of being a Rotarian in

good standing. I will, hard though it may be, resign my membership so that a more worthy member may be chosen to take the place I occupy but fail to fill. To paraphrase John Adams: May my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I hesitate or falter in the support of my country and my Rotary.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

#### **The Value of Fellowship**

FRANK A. RHEA, D.D., *Rotarian*  
*Dean, St. Michael's Cathedral*  
*Boise, Idaho*

The ideal of fellowship remains cardinal in the ideal of Rotary. How long can the practical man live apart from his fellowman? How long can the practical man live by preying upon his fellowman? It is only as we learn the value of fellowship and friendship and acquaintance and the joy of service that we make life practical. Without these it becomes a nightmare.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

## **A Job for Rotarians**

*[Continued from page 11]*

who are united in Rotary have a special responsibility in connection with the problems of reconstruction and reorganization in the post-war period. Indeed, to many it appears that this period will offer to Rotary the greatest challenge and opportunity it has ever had.

As a first step, we suggest that each Rotary Club devote itself to a study of these problems either in regular meetings or in special group meetings. This is an important work, an activity in which every Club should be engaged.

Without desiring to place any limitation upon the scope of study to be made, but in the spirit of helpfulness to Clubs that may feel that they would like to have something simple and definite with which to begin, we suggest the following questions for consideration:

1. Do we believe that war can be eliminated by providing some means of international cooperation for the equitable settlement of disputes between nations and the remedying of injustices? What would we be willing to have our nation do to accomplish this?

2. Do we agree that enduring peace will require social and economic security with an improved standard of living throughout the world? What steps can be taken to accomplish this?

3. What steps should be taken to provide necessary access to raw materials and freer commercial interchange between nations? What effect will the advance of science have upon these problems?

4. What are the rights of minorities—political, linguistic, racial, and religious—and what recognition must in fairness be given them?

5. What are the special dangers of

large-scale unemployment which will inevitably follow the demobilization of the millions now occupied in wartime activities? How can such dangers be eliminated or modified?

6. What interferences are there with the free interchange of ideas and knowledge which is necessary to the advancement of civilization? To what extent can and should such interferences be removed?

7. What plans should be made now to deal with post-war emergencies of starvation and disorder in other countries?

This would appear to be an opportunity for the International Service Committee of each Club—or at least for the Chairman of that Committee to give direction to the study work whether it be carried on by the Club as a whole (as in the smaller Clubs) or in special group meetings of members of larger Clubs.

How splendid it would be if such study and discussion should cause all Rotarians to become keenly aware of and better informed about some of the more important problems which have to be faced by men of goodwill in their efforts to help build a peaceful world order.

What your Club and its members accomplish along these lines depends on the leadership which you, Mr. President, give your Club in inspiring its members to think about these problems.

Men of goodwill cannot commit the crime of not being prepared for peace when it comes—for peace with its problems and sacrifices. Our appeal to you, to your Club, and to all Rotarians, is to begin now by cooperating in the study activity above outlined.



## Ceilings on Wages?

No!—Mr. Green

[Continued from page 17]

commodities is an insult to the aspirations of all Americans. If the American workingman is to be deprived of the opportunity to improve his material welfare, he may well wonder whether the methods and practices of totalitarian States are not being aped in his own land.

In periods of incipient inflation, it is a matter of economic history that wages seldom keep up with prices. The pay envelope always lags behind. It is so now. Although there have been a great many wage increases among workers in American industry during the past year, these pay rises have not kept pace with the upward spiral of prices for the necessities of life. Hence, even though commodity prices are controlled by legislation, wages have a long way to go before catching up with living costs.

When President Roosevelt stated that one-third of the nation is ill fed, ill clothed, and ill housed, he stated a truth borne out by statistics. These figures have not changed materially in the past few years despite many forward strides. Conditions exist among workers in many parts of the country which are a disgrace to America. Millions of American children are being reared under handicaps which are a repudiation of the nation's boast of free opportunity for all. To place a ceiling on wages would mean preventing millions of underprivileged Americans from escaping bitter poverty for themselves and their children.

It is argued by those who favor freezing wages that prices will be forced upward as long as wages are permitted to rise. They claim that every pay increase must and should result in a price increase. Otherwise, they say, the employer must suffer or be squeezed out of business.

Fortunately, that is not in accordance with economic facts. Let us examine the relation of wage increases to price increases in four representative industries this year. In cotton goods a 14 percent wage increase took place. It added only 5½ percent to manufacturing costs, but cotton-goods prices rose 40 percent. In automobiles a 13 percent wage increase added only 2.4 percent to costs and was more than covered by a 5 percent price increase. In lumber and petroleum there were wage increases of 11 and 6 percent. These added little or nothing to costs, but prices in each of these industries rose more than 20 percent.

What is the significance behind this evidence? First, we must realize that wages form only a small part of a com-



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THIS CARTOON, titled *Kibitzers*, by Grassick in the Toronto (Ont.) *Financial Post*, calls attention to the fact that Canada has passed a law placing a ceiling on wages and prices.

pany's total expense. Because of this, even a substantial wage increase adds relatively little to total cost of production. The four industries cited above are typical, but the entire picture even more effectively proves this point. In manufacturing as a whole, wage increases added only 2 percent to total costs this year, but prices rose more than 13 percent.

Another important factor must be considered. That is the productivity of labor. Industrial research shows that workers today produce much more individually than in years gone by. This is due to improved methods of manufacture and to timesaving inventions. This increase in the productivity of workers averages more than 3 percent a year. Expanding production and resultant savings in overhead also reduce the unit cost of production. Surely the workingman is entitled to share in the benefits as his labor produces more!

It is not the belated wage increases obtained by American workers that have increased production costs. It is the skyrocketing prices of materials and commodities. And it is equally true that the increases in production costs have not justified the huge increases in the selling price of the finished product.

Then we encounter another argument. Fear is expressed that if wages continue to increase, the added purchasing power of American workers will itself bring about inflation. It seems to me that these fears are illusory. Every worker in the United States in the next few years will have to shoulder a heavy burden of taxes to help the Government finance the defense program. And make no mistake about it: the workers are the ones who pay the taxes. Just as profits are controlled by tax legislation, so the added income of America's wage earners will find its way into the coffers

of the United States Treasury through new tax levies.

Another control over inflationary spending by workers is the Government's defense savings bonds drive. Members of the American Federation of Labor are responding to this drive in a wholehearted measure and are investing their savings in these bonds instead of invading the luxury market. Talk of another "silk-shirt era" is a deliberate attempt to create imaginary fears.

I would like to say a word in reply to certain spokesmen for farm groups who appear to favor the freezing of wages. In my opinion, they have adopted a short-sighted attitude. The farmers are prospering today because their normally surplus production is being bought up by the Government for shipment to the nations we are aiding in

their war on totalitarianism. Once the emergency is over, and these nations regain a self-sustaining basis, this market threatens to disappear.

It is in the interests of the farmers to develop the widest possible domestic market for farm products. The only effective way of accomplishing this is by the wider distribution of the nation's income through the medium of wage increases. When every American workman earns enough to purchase for himself and his family sufficient proper food, the farmers of America will have the market that they need, the best market in the world, right at their front door.

There is no justification for wage freezing, but there is a great need for wage stabilization in America in the interests of labor and industry alike. This stabilization can only be attained through the processes of collective bargaining and the negotiation of fair contracts between employers and trade unions representing their workers. Under such contracts wages can be brought into line with living costs and stabilized for periods of a year or longer. It is the policy of trade unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor to demand wage increases only when the cost of living, the productivity of the workers, and the profits of the employer justify higher pay.

American Federation of Labor members are not out to ruin employers, because that way they lose their jobs. They want to work in harmony and cooperation with American businessmen. They want to work in close accord with their Government in the critical times ahead. In that spirit they offer a practical program of wage stabilization through collective bargaining in place of un-American and unworkable proposals for freezing wages.

### Evening Song

When the twilight winds are blowing  
Emerald shadows over earth,  
And the velvet coals lie glowing  
In their cradle on the hearth,  
The grownups sometimes wander  
In a bashful sort of way  
Down the roads that wind Out Yonder  
To the Land of Yesterday.

Past the dusty schoolhouse sleeping  
In the shadow of its eaves,  
And the small wild roses peeping  
Through their parasols of leaves;  
Down the barefoot pathways slipping  
Into fields of vanished Junes

Where the baby streams go skipping  
With their pockets full of tunes;  
Where the morning mist drifts hazy  
Through the oleander trees  
To the lovely, low, and lazy  
Lullabying of the bees.  
And before the veil of slumber  
Slips across their drowsy eyes,  
The grownups sometimes wonder  
With a sort of deep surprise,

Whether grownups aren't all sleeping,  
And the children at their play  
Aren't the wide-awake ones, keeping  
Cities beautiful and gay!

—Bert Cooksley

### City Asleep

The city sleeps, like a gray cat curled  
On the sable doormat of the world.  
Before the last dim star shall fail  
She will twitch a restless tail;  
Slowly, ere the dawn slips in  
And darkness vanish like a djinn,  
She will breathe deeply, sigh, awaken—  
No one may know what dreams have shaken

Off the velvet chains of sleep,  
Nor what memories she will keep.  
In the sulky dawn she will arouse  
Reluctant subjects from their drowse  
To another day of light and shade:  
Each to the pattern he has made—  
Each to the pattern he has made.

—Marion Doyle

# My '10 Bests' for 1941

[Continued from page 25]

3. *IN THE MILL*, by John Masefield. This is prose written with a beauty that only a poet could create. It is one of the most charming literary masterpieces of the year.

4. *SECRET HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION*, by Carl Van Doren. A very important addition to our knowledge of American history, especially of the conspiracy of Benedict Arnold, taken from British Secret Service papers and now first made public.

5. *HESTER LYNCH PIOZZI*, by James L. Clifford. An admirable biography of Dr. Johnson's friend, one of the most interesting women of the 18th Century, a manifold mother and social leader.

6. *SWEET THAMES, RUN SOFTLY*, by Robert Gibbings. A humorous, delightful account of a solitary journey in a small boat through the loveliest part of English scenery.

7. *JOHN KENDRICK BANGS*, by Francis Hyde Bangs. An important and entertaining book both because of its hero and because of the revelation of American humor in the '90s.

8. *DOCUMENTARY LIFE OF NATHAN HALE*, by George Dudley Seymour. I wish every American would read this book. The documents are thrilling, and the author has complete mastery of his subject.

9. *WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE OF EMPORIA*, by Frank C. Clough. This book, written under cover, is a steadily interesting history of one of the best newspapermen of our time—a story about a Rotarian by a Rotarian.

10. *BARRIE: THE STORY OF J.M.B.*, by Denis Mackail. Interesting because of its subject and of the struggles and difficulties before he reached fame. With such a subject it ought to have been a better book.

## Murder Thrillers

1. *ABOVE SUSPICION*, by Helen MacInnes. Continuously exciting and remarkably well written.

2. *MURDER GIVES A LOVELY LIGHT*, by J. S. Strange. One of the longest murder



PREFER murder? Consider "Billy's" choices.

stories, and I wish that it were longer.

3. *THE NAVY COLT*, by Frank Gruber. Thrilling from first sentence to last and also sidesplitting.

4. *DESIGN FOR MURDER*, by Percival Wilde. Showing that members of the smart set are just as efficient in murder as those in the underworld.

5. *THE TRIAL OF VINCENT DOON*, by Will Oursler. The scenes in the courtroom are magnificent.

6. *APPLEBY ON ARARAT*, by Michael Innes. Most highbrow of all thrillers, yet this time fearfully exciting.

7. *THE CASE OF THE CONSTANT SUICIDES*, by John Dickson Carr. Shorter and better than nine out of ten murder thrillers; extremely well written.

8. *THE CASE OF THE TURNING TIDE*, by E. S. Gardner. Mr. Gardner's bag of tricks is like the widow's cruse: inexhaustible.

9. *AUNT SUNDAY TAKES COMMAND*, by Jefferson Farjeon. The grandson of the famous actor Joseph Jefferson is a star of the first magnitude in the constellation of murders.

10. *THE BECKONING FAIR ONE*, by Oliver Onions. I put this in because I have reread it this year and because many do not know where to find it. It is in a volume called *They Walk Again*; and for sheer horror is so fearful that no one should read it at night.

## For Reference

(Note: These cannot be classified in the preceding lists, but are very important.)

1. *THE CONCISE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE*, by George Sampson. This is a masterpiece. It is the history of British literature from the beginning to and including 1941. It is a perfect combination of the manual and first-class literary criticism.

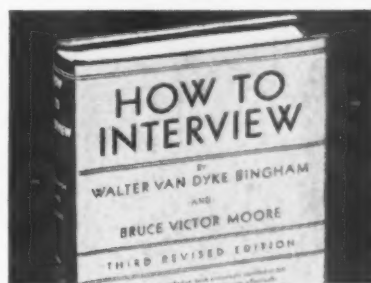
2. *THE OXFORD COMPANION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE*, by James D. Hart. An extremely valuable reference book prepared by a professor in the University of California.

3. *A TREASURY OF GILBERT & SULLIVAN*, edited by Deems Taylor. This is almost incredibly perfect. It ought to be in a million homes. All the important songs in the entire list of Gilbert & Sullivan operas.

4. *THE BEST PLAYS OF 1940-41*, by Burns Mantle. This is an invaluable record of the American theater. Everyone who loves the theater should buy this collection as it appears every year.

5. *THE CAMBRIDGE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE*, edited by F. W. Bateson, four volumes. An astounding work. It contains the title of every book of importance published in the British Isles from the year 600 to 1900,

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with long articles on prominent authors, with dates of publications and the necessary information.

6. **THE ENGLISH NOTEBOOKS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE**, edited by Randall Stewart. This is printed from the complete original manuscript as Hawthorne wrote it. He was one of the most penetrating observers in the 19th Century.

7. **THE AGES OF MAN**, compiled by George Rylands. This small volume is a Shakespeare anthology wherein one may find nearly every human thought, emotion, passion, expressed in the incomparable language of the greatest poet who ever lived.

8. **THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH PROVERBS**, by W. Smith. This, as its title indicates, is different from a dictionary of quotations. You will be surprised by the origin and history of many familiar proverbs.

9. **MURDER FOR PLEASURE**, by Howard Haycraft. This is what I have been waiting for. I greet it with delight. It is a history of detective fiction during the last 100 years, and with a combination of scholarship and wit.

10. **ANNALS OF THE NEW YORK STAGE**, by George C. D. Odell. Volume XII. One of the most valuable drama reference books ever written.

## Plays

1. **MACBETH**. With Maurice Evans, Judith Anderson, and an admirable company. This is the fifth Shakespeare production within three years by Mr. Evans.

2. **THE CORN IS GREEN**. A very fine play and notable for the gloriously triumphant return to the American stage of Ethel Barrymore.

3. **BLITHE SPIRIT**. Noel Coward's fertility, versatility, brilliant wit, and humor show to splendid advantage with an admirable cast.

4. **CLAUDIA**. Rose Franken's excellent play beautifully interpreted by Frances Starr and company.

5. **ARSENIC AND OLD LACE**. Mirth and murder with the audience laughing all the time.

6. **CANDLE IN THE WIND**. Helen Hayes has never appeared to better advantage, and the German Colonel is so good that although we hate the part he takes, we are obliged to admire the way he takes it.

7. **THE TALLEY METHOD**. Original and diverting, with Ina Claire and Philip Merivale.

8. **THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA**. This work of genius by George Bernard Shaw was first produced in 1906 and it will probably be produced in 1996. Katharine Cornell has generously made of it a wonderful production.

9. **JOHNNY BELINDA**. In which Helen Craig played the deaf-and-dumb girl with remarkable skill.

10. **CHARLEY'S AUNT**. This farce first produced in 1892 was not only success-

fully revived, but it was the best performance of it that I have ever seen.

## Motion Pictures

1. **ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN**. A magnificent picture. I shall never forget it.

2. **SERGEANT YORK**. Gary Cooper is very fine and fortunately the career of Sergeant York cannot be exaggerated.

3. **HONKY TONK**. As a rule, I do not like Clark Gable, but I did in this diverting picture.

4. **THE LETTER**. A beautiful picture of W. Somerset Maugham's play; and he thinks so himself.

5. **THE SANTA FE TRAIL**. Exciting with plenty of action.

6. **NIGHT TRAIN**. You can't help wondering what's going to happen next.

7. **BACK STREET**. A sincere tragedy artistically missing the oversentimental.

8. **GO WEST**. I sometimes wake up in the night and laugh about this picture.

9. **WHISTLING IN THE DARK**. A very good reproduction of the original play.

10. **HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY**. A splendid production of a splendid novel.

(Note: I was disappointed in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and in *Nothing but the Truth*, but my vote for the dullest picture I have ever seen goes to *Virginia*.)

\* \* \*

Books mentioned, publishers and prices:

*Sapphira and the Slave Girl*, Willa Cather. Knopf. \$2.50.—*Saratoga Trunk*, Edna Ferber. Doubleday. Doran. \$2.50.—*In This Our Life*, Ellen Glasgow. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.—*Up at the Villa*, W. S. Maugham. Doubleday. Doran. \$1.75.—*The Snow Goose*, Paul Gallico. Knopf. \$1.—*Sophia*, St. John Ervine. Macmillan. \$2.50.—*The Keys of the Kingdom*, A. J. Cronin. Little, Brown. \$2.50.—*The Reverend Ben Pool*, Louis Paul. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. \$2.50.—*Random Harvest*, James Hilton. Little, Brown. \$2.50.—*Captain Paul*, Edward Ellenberg. Dodd, Mead. \$2.75.—*Newspaper Days*, H. L. Mencken. Knopf. \$3.—*Memories of the Opera*, Giulio Gatti-Casazza. Scribner's. \$3.50.—*In the Mill*, John Masefield. Macmillan. \$2.—*Secret History of the American Revolution*, Carl Van Doren. Viking. \$3.75.—*Hester Lynch Pious*, James L. Clifford. Oxford. \$6.50.—*Sweet Thames, Run Softly*, Robert Gibbings. Dutton. \$2.50.—*John Kendrick Bangs*, Francis Hyde Bangs. Knopf. \$3.—*Documentary Life of Nathan Hale*, George Dudley Seymour. Donald Lines Jacobus, P.O. Box 3032, Westville Station, New Haven, Conn.—*William Allen White of Emporia*, Frank C. Clough. Whittlesey House. \$2.50.—*Barrie: The Story of J. M. B. Denis Mackail*, Scribner's. \$3.75.—*Above Suspicion*, Helen MacInnis. Little, Brown. \$2.50.—*Murder Gives a Lovely Light*, J. S. Strange. Doubleday. Doran. \$2.—*The Navy Colt*, Frank Gruber. Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.—*Design for Murder*, Percival Wilde. Random House. \$2.—*The Trial of Vincent Doon*, Will Oursler. Simon & Schuster. \$2.—*Appleby on Ararat*, Michael Innes. Dodd, Mead. \$2.—*The Case of the Constant Suicides*, J. D. Carr. Harper. \$2.—*The Case of the Turning Tide*, E. S. Gardner. William Morrow. \$2.—*Aunt Sunday Takes Command*, Jefferson Farjeon. Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.—*They Walk Again (The Beckoning Fair One)*, Colin de la Mare. Dutton. \$3.—*The Concise Cambridge History of English Literature*, George Sampson. Macmillan. \$4.50.—*The Oxford Companion to American Literature*, Edited by James D. Hart. Oxford. \$5.—*A Treasury of Gilbert & Sullivan*, Edited by Deems Taylor. Simon & Schuster. \$5.—*The Best Plays of 1940-41*, Burns Mantle. Dodd, Mead. \$3.—*The Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature*, Edited by F. W. Bateson. Macmillan. \$32.50.—*The English Notebooks of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, Edited by Randall Stewart. Oxford. \$5.—*The Ages of Man*, Compiled by George Rylands. Doubleday. Doran. \$2.50.—*The Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs*, Edited by W. Smith. Oxford. \$6.50.—*Murder for Pleasure*, Howard Haycraft. D. Appleton-Century. \$3.—*Annals of the New York Stage*, George C. D. Odell. Columbia University Press. \$8.75.

## Talking It Over

[Continued from page 3]

instructions came with it and I have studied it through and through. I can practice to my heart's content, and it is really fun.

The new energy that my typewriter has put into me will add interesting years to my life and who knows but that my companion and I will live to celebrate our diamond wedding.

One of my little verses is *True Happiness*:

Where duty calls I will not shirk,  
But willingly go do the work.  
If scrubbing floors, this will I do,  
If washing clothes, I'll do those too,  
If doing chores for my good man,  
Of course I'll do the best I can  
Full well I know the best in life  
Is love between a man and wife,  
Coöperating day by day;  
True happiness is found this way.  
—Sallie Bass Arnold

## Reading for Old Folks

By H. A. STARR, Fuel Retailer  
Past Governor, Rotary District 197  
Waltham, Massachusetts

At Charlton, Massachusetts, about 50 miles from here, is a home for elderly people. At the present time there are about 170 men and women there, and they have plenty of time to do considerable reading. For the last three or four years I have been taking, among other magazines, my used copies of *THE ROTARIAN* to them. The last several times I have gone up, as soon as some of the men would see me, they would come out to meet me to see if I had some more copies of the magazine. They all agreed that it was the best magazine that was ever brought up to them. It made me feel good to have them say such fine things about our magazine.

## Each Should Share Profits

Says CHAS. ED. POTTER, Rotarian  
Overseas-Trade Promotion  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

I feel that Rotarian Elmer Reeves' idea as expressed in his letter "Each Must Plan His Work," as published in the *Talking It Over* section of the October *ROTARIAN*, controverts my "credo" which you published in the June issue. Since the beginning of the so-called Machine Age, roughly 150 years ago, it has been increasingly difficult for the artisan, handicraftsman, mechanic—the man who depends on the sale of his energies—to secure adequate food, clothing, and shelter for himself and dependents; to have proper control of his own well-being and destiny. . . .

The machine has created a condition which has superseded the initiative of the laboring man—which thought was no doubt in the mind of H. G. Wells when he wrote "He is entitled to paid employment" [*Bases for a Lasting Peace*, September *ROTARIAN*].

Industry with its machinery and the consequent division of labor has made a monopoly of producing everything the human race needs for its convenience and has thus nullified any initiative the individual laborer ever had regarding

his employment, and as industry has been the beneficiary of the system, it should be made responsible for supplying the individual worker with "... paid employment."

I believe industry is a three-cornered copartnership between an idea, labor, and consumer (community), and each partner is entitled to a share of the profits.

### Picture Publicity Pulls

Reports JOHN STERLING

Honorary Rotarian

Watertown, New York

My picture in the December, 1940, issue gave me a lot of fun [it presented him as a 90-year-old honorary Rotarian who is still active.—Eds.]. I was in San Antonio when your postal containing an advance proof of it came. I went to the Rotary luncheon. The Secretary gave the card to the President. He read it when I was introduced. Many men from Monterrey, Mexico, were there, also the District Governor. The next week Mrs. Sterling and I took a ride to see Corpus Christi. Going into the hotel for luncheon there was the Rotary luncheon. The Governor having seen me at San Antonio, we were urged to come to luncheon. He made us acquainted. The next week we were in Monterrey, Mexico. Luncheon at the hotel. A lot of members had seen me at San Antonio. I was invited to luncheon and to speak.

But the best was at my apartment in San Antonio. A Rotarian saw my button. We had a nice talk. I told him Mrs. Sterling and I were at the international Convention at Ostend, Belgium, in 1927, which was opened by the King. Harry H. Rogers, President of Rotary International, was the presiding officer of the Convention. "Why," said my friend, "Harry is living in this apartment hotel and I will have him meet you!" Harry and I had a nice talk about the King and he told some very interesting facts about him.

That same day I had a postal from one of my friends who was with us at Ostend and travelled all over Europe with us. He had seen that face of mine in THE ROTARIAN. His son is one of the soldiers at Pine Camp. He came to see me and comes often to see us. He feels that this is like home to him. His father came also.

Please excuse this long letter. I won't do it again. It goes to show what a picture in THE ROTARIAN will do to the victim.

### 'Annoyingly Interesting'

For REINHARD KRAUSE, Rotarian

Pastor, St. Paul's Evangelical Church  
Nashville, Illinois

The Hobbyhorse Hitching Post in THE ROTARIAN [page 60] is always of great interest to me even when it rambles about a hobby which is entirely strange to me. It is, in fact, annoyingly interesting since it makes me want to try all kinds of things for which I simply don't have time. In Summer camps and conferences where I teach courses on church and community recreation, I have quoted from your pages frequently and effectively.



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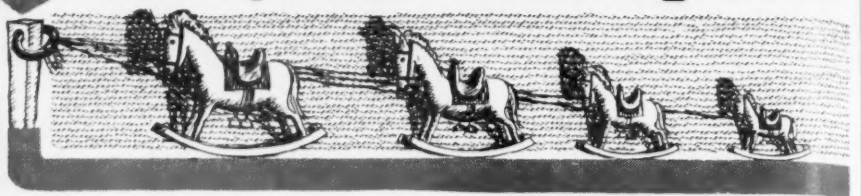
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# Hobbyhorse Hitching Post



THE GROOM "took in" the Annual Business Exposition of the Chicago Rotary Club not long ago. In one booth hung four paintings of excellent workmanship and transcendent spirit. Each was signed, boldly, MIKE, JR.

"Who," demanded THE GROOM of the nearest stand-by, "is MIKE, JR.?" Repeated inquiry brought repeated lack of knowledge. But your GROOM is not easily daunted. He scented a hobby, and here is what he learned!

ON THE EDGE of the desert that is Hollywood's playground are many small towns that offer just the same repose and health as the better-known "social" resorts, but add to that a quietude which is missing from the "hot spots." One of these is Cathedral City. It is an unincorporated community, but if it had a chamber of commerce, it could boast of about 800 population.

In the Winter of 1940, one of the vacationing couples was the family of a Rotarian, a retired and retiring man, to whom came many of the local Rotarians for company and pleasure. Yes, he was whisked away to visit Rotary Clubs and to plant trees and to aid in the chartering of Rotary's new desert Club at Palm Springs. For the retired and retiring man was none other than PAUL P. HARRIS, Rotary's Founder and President Emeritus, and his companion was "our JEAN."

Retired from active practice PAUL may be, but retired from life he can never be. And in the calm of his desert retreat, the urge came to him to express on canvas the images the scenery evoked within him. There are plenty of artists in the desert, and one of them, MRS. MATILLE PRIGGE SEAMAN, undertook to teach PAUL the techniques of expressing in oils his visions.

The four canvases THE GROOM saw are four of the results of that urge to paint to which PAUL gave way, and the very next time he dropped in at his office in the Chicago headquarters of the Secretariat of Rotary International, THE GROOM waylaid him.

"How come," asked THE GROOM, in the salty idiom of the hobby stables, "that you sign your works MIKE, JR.?"

"That's short for Michelangelo, Jr.," PAUL explained.

"But," protested THE GROOM, growing a trifle red, "Michelangelo was quite some painter!"

"I know," said PAUL, gently, "but I always believe in starting at the top!"

Looking at the canvases again, THE

GROOM isn't at all sure that PAUL isn't right, at that.

## What's Your Hobby?

THE GROOM has noted, in many reports from businessmen's art exhibitions from all over the United States and Canada, that Rotarians are among those professional and business men who turn to the palette and brush for a hobby. Some of them even "sculpt" a little, judging from the soap sales!

While space precludes reproduction of the works of art that Rotarians produce in quantity and quality, save now and again, there is plenty of room to list the names, addresses, and hobbies of every Rotarian and of the members of Rotarians' families. It might be well to have more of the bemocked hobby painters and sculptors listed here. What think you who ride this hobby?

Whatever your hobby, if you are a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family, just drop your name, address, and hobby to THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM for listing here. There's no charge.

**Airplane Pictures:** Justice Conrad Anderson (12-year-old son of Rotarian—collects pictures of different types of airplanes), 2517 Cottonwood St., Bay City, Tex., U.S.A.

**Perfume Bottles:** Mrs. B. W. Cordray (wife of Rotarian—collects perfume and other small bottles), Point Marion, Pa., U.S.A.

**Stamps:** Joe Platnick (nephew of Rotarian—collects U.S. and other stamps, precanceled, censored covers, first-day covers; will exchange), 828 Rockbridge St., Bluefield, W. Va., U.S.A.

**Shells:** A. J. Nitzschke (collects sea and land shells; will exchange), 240 Post Office Bldg., Savannah, Ga., U.S.A.

**Pencils:** David Kuchenreuther (son of Ro-

Photo: C. R. Vanneman



ROTARY'S Founder, Paul Harris, has taken up painting and is shown here with his instructor, Mrs. Matille Prigge Seaman, at Cathedral City, Calif. Paul's oils are signed "Mike, Jr." (that is, "Michelangelo, Junior!")



Rotarian—collects advertising pencils of every sharp variety; will try to secure Wenatchee pencils for others with like hobby), 15 N. Cleveland St., Wenatchee, Wash., U.S.A.

**Shells, Stamps:** Margaret Boyce (daughter of Rotarian—collects seashells and stamps; wishes correspondence with others similarly interested), % Times' Office, Taree, Manning River, Australia.

**Buttons:** Mrs. Lewis M. Graham (wife of Rotarian—collects buttons, especially interested in old story, bird, animal, and flower buttons), Spruce Pine, N. C., U.S.A.

**Menus:** A. H. Russell (collects restaurant and cafe menus; also will exchange stamps with postmark), Modern Cafe, Three Rivers, Tex., U.S.A.

**Pen Friends:** Virginia Fyke (21-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with others in any State, any country), Springfield, Tenn., U.S.A.

**Postcards:** Muryle Hale (niece of Rotarian—collects postcards; wishes to correspond with other postcard hobbyists in Northern and Eastern States of U.S.), Uvalde, Tex., U.S.A.

**Playing Cards:** Carole Jean Fleckenstein (daughter of Rotarian—collects playing-card

backs, jokers, and extra cards; will exchange), 730 Elk St., Franklin, Pa., U.S.A.

**Stamps:** H. W. Gaukrodger (collects stamps, specializing in British Colonials; will exchange for New Zealand Centennials), P.O. Box 31, Dargaville, New Zealand.

**Pennies:** Bob Frentress (son of Rotarian—collects pennies; will trade Indian-head for either Indian-head or Lincoln pennies), 2323 N. 55th St., Omaha, Nebr., U.S.A.

**Stamps, Gardening:** Rev. Reinhard Krause (collects stamps; interested in Summer gardening), St. Paul's Evangelical Church, Nashville, Ill., U.S.A.

**Pencils, Vases:** Mrs. M. K. Enterline (wife of Rotarian—collects pencils and vases of any description; will exchange or buy from other collectors), Main St., Rheems, Pa., U.S.A.

**Stamps:** Mrs. John H. Harralson (collects stamps; especially interested in first-day and naval covers; will exchange), Central City, Ky., U.S.A.

**Genealogy:** Harold L. Snow, M.D. (interested in genealogy; wishes to correspond with others similarly interested), 639 W. 9th St., San Pedro, Calif., U.S.A.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM

TWO of the landscapes Rotary's Paul Harris painted last year in a California desert.



MIKE JR



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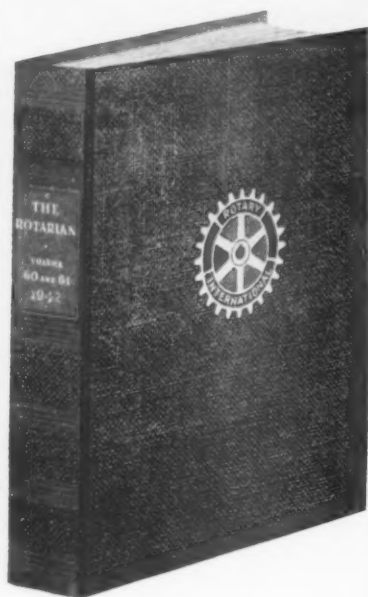
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"NOW, tell me all about the Army!"

### My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago. The following story is the favorite of W. W. Krumsiek, school principal and member of the Rotary Club of Auburn, Illinois.

Three absent-minded professors were so absorbed in conversation that they didn't hear the train come in nor hear the conductor's "All aboard!" call until the puff of the engine attracted them. Then they all rushed for the train and two of them scrambled onto it. The third looked on sheepishly. The agent, standing near-by, said, "Too bad, Mister, but you shouldn't feel so badly. Two out of three made it—that's a pretty good percentage."

"Yes," sighed the professor, "but they came down to see me off!"

#### Hourglass

My centrals reading downward spell the name of a great military leader.

Cross Words: 1. Wept noisily. 2. A system of dialectics. 3. Cloth made of flax. 4. An Oriental lute. 5. Twice in proposition. 6. Not a woman. 7. A participator. 8. A vessel. 9. Buying or selling.

#### Department Heads

In each of the following sentences appears at least one word which helps form the name of a regular department of this magazine:

1. As his boat approached, crowds thronged the quay—as though he, perhaps, might be an Oriental king come to survey his people.

2. No sooner had he entered the Club

meeting place than he was being introduced, "Here, Jim, meet Mr. Teeecom, mentor over at the high school."

3. He welcomed us with enthusiasm and zip, ostracized though we might be by his friends and neighbors.

The answers to the two problems above will be found on page 63.

### The Dog That Howls at Night

There are canines old and mangy,  
There are curs that growl and fight,  
But give me both in preference  
To the dog that howls at night;  
And as for them as let's 'em  
Jest howl, as some'll do,  
I ain't found words in English  
That'll jest exactly do.

Last night I lay a-sleeping

About the hour of one,  
As pure and free from meanness  
As a baby that's jest come,  
But an old ancestral weakness,  
Which is very hard to help,  
Was awakened in my bosom  
When some cur began to yelp.

His howls were long and mournful,  
And the intervals were brief,  
For an hour and forty minutes  
He jest howled without relief;  
His people must have liked it,  
For they didn't call him in,  
Or else they slept right through it  
With a conscience seared by sin.

I have hunted fox and coyote,  
I have stalked for deer and moose,  
I have bagged a hundred possum,  
And shot the gray-lag goose,  
But today I primed my rifle,  
And have other game in view,  
It's the dog that howls at midnight,  
And I'll pot him—wouldn't you?

—Herbert J. Bryce

### Tales Twice Told

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it.—Shakespeare.

#### High I-Q

Friend No. 1: "Why didn't you show your wife who's boss in your house?"

Friend No. 2: "She knows."—The Weekly Howl, MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA.

#### Tragedy

"You must feel awful about your best friend running away with your wife."

"Yes, I'll surely miss him."—Rotary Forward, KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.

#### Making Sure

"Good morning," said a stranger to a woman who had answered the door—

bell. "Would you like to buy some insect powder?"

"No," she snapped. "I have no use for that stuff."

"Good," replied the stranger. "I'll take that room you are advertising."—*Rotary Service, BRIDGETON, NEW JERSEY.*

#### Last Round Lost

Judge: "Well, Sambo, I see you're back for fighting with your wife. Liquor?"

Sambo: "No, sah, Judge. She licked me this time."—*The Cogwheel, MIDLAND, PENNSYLVANIA.*

#### Well, Who Is?

It takes three years to train a man to train a dog. It then takes a man three months to train a dog. Now who's smart?—*The Rotary Fellow, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.*

#### Important Matter

Hotel page: "Telegram for Mr. Niespondiavanci! Telegram for Mr. Niespondiavanci!"

Mr. Niespondiavanci: "What initial, please?"—*The Clipper, DUNDALK, MARYLAND.*

#### Nothing Doing!

Patient: "Doc, I am afraid my wife is going crazy."

Doc: "What seems wrong?"

Patient: "She wants to buy a goat."

Doc: "Let her buy a goat."

Patient: "But she wants to keep it in the house."

Doc: "Well, let her keep it in the house."

Patient: "But, Doc, a goat stinks!"

Doc: "Open the windows."

Patient: "What! and let all my pigeons out!"—*Rotary Log, SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA.*

#### Been Around

Girl friend: "Did any of your friends admire your engagement ring?"

Bride-to-be: "Admire it! Two of them recognized it!"—*The Rotater, ABILENE, TEXAS.*

#### Monumental

Mrs. B.: "I admire Dr. Young immensely. He is so persevering in the face of difficulties that he always re-

minds me of Patience sitting on a monument."

Mr. B.: "Yes, but what I am becoming rather alarmed about is the number of monuments sitting on his patients."—*The Graftarian, GRAFTON, WEST VIRGINIA.*

### Start Now—

Don't put off thinking of a last line to complete the unfinished limerick below. Jot one down now while you're in the limerick mood. If yours is the best submitted by March 1, you will receive a check for \$2. Send contributions—as many as you wish—to The Fixer, Stripped Gears Department, care of "The Rotarian" Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois.—Gears Editors.

#### Ailing No Failing

Attendance has been our main failing. Though none of our members is ailing.

Do you think it can be  
We are feeling ennui?

#### Six-Shooter

Perhaps because the bobtailed limerick which appeared in the October issue of THE ROTARIAN reminded him of his experience while a District Governor of Rotary International (1932-33), Past Director Edward F. McFaddin, of Hope, Arkansas, decided to end it for THE FIXER. And so effectively did he do it that the latter voted his the best contribution in the competition, has sent him a check therefor. Here's the verse:

Our Governor's visit is o'er,  
We were glad when he came in the door,  
And we thought that his speech  
Was a pip and a peach—  
But we had heard it six times before.

Long was the list of rhyme words of contributions submitted, but "more" led all the rest. Not far behind, however, came "snore" and "sore"! Public speakers, take note!

#### Answers to Problems on Page 62

HOURLASS: Central letters: Bonaparte. Cross words: 1. blubBered. 2. canOnic. 3. liNen. 4. tAr. 5. P. 6. mAn. 7. paRty. 8. canTeen. 9. markEting.

DEPARTMENT HEADS: 1. Talking (Talking It Over). 2. Comment (Last Page Comment). 3. Post (Hobbyhorse Hitching Post).



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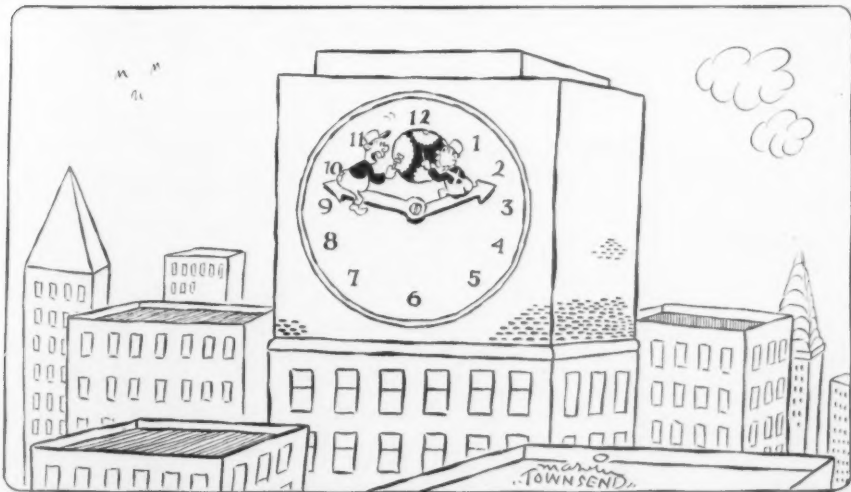
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"WHY DID that fortune teller say 6 o'clock was the most dangerous time of day for us?"





## Last Page Comment

### WE STOP THE PRESS

to note a fact already spread by radio to the ends of the earth. With *blitzkrieg* suddenness, war has struck in the ocean called Pacific. And the country in which Rotary started and in which most of the world's 212,000 Rotarians live, is at war. The United States, The Philippines, and several other countries have felt the onslaught of an attack similar to that made upon many other nations in the past two years.

Rotarians face the challenge of events resolutely. As have their fellows in other lands, Americans will rise to their responsibilities as loyal citizens and give freely of themselves and their substance, though the cost be blood, sweat, and tears.

The challenge is great—far greater than winning a battle, even a war. Ahead—perhaps further ahead than most of us dare forecast—is a peace. It also must be won. The Versailles-Munich cycle must not be repeated.

We dare not let our idealism die. While every Rotarian is doing his full duty as a citizen, he will remain true to his ideal of service above self. And so will THE ROTARIAN, official magazine of Rotary International. Notwithstanding all tragic events in the world-wide amphitheater, in THE ROTARIAN you will continue to find articles and features that emphasize the forward-looking idealism which gives to Rotarians the world over a sense of spiritual kinship.

It is lamentable that 20 centuries after the birth of the Prince of Peace, nations still must settle their disputes by force. But events have left no choice. Now, many hands have been put to the plow. There can be no looking back. The furrow will be long—and it must be straight.

### THE QUESTION

of forming a U. S. Emergency Advisory Committee to guide the national-service activities of the Rotary Clubs of the United States is now considered, by the Board of Directors, as closed. An assembly of the United States Rotarians at the 1941 Convention declined to endorse any such proposal, and the Convention then considered as "withdrawn" three identical Resolutions proposing a Committee not in accord with the By-Laws. The 1941-42 Board then submitted to the Clubs the suggestion that Rotary Club defense activities might benefit from the counsel of such a Committee as is authorized by the By-Laws, and the President invited all Clubs of the United States to contribute their views. Less than 3 percent of them responded to his communication.

### WE NEED TO PLAN

the future, but we live today—and much too carelessly. In 1941 over 40,500 persons died, and almost 1½ million were injured, in auto accidents in the United States . . . the worst traffic record in history. Will it be worse in 1942, as defense production and a growing army jam the roads? Not if the Emergency Traffic Law Enforcement Program succeeds. Ask your chief of police about it. His international association planned it; mayors, city managers, State governors, and attorneys general have endorsed it. It begins with law enforcement! Rotary Clubs can help it along.

### TALE-WITH-A-TWIST

honors should go this month to Rotarian Roy G. Wertz, of Bay City, Texas, for his story about the blind old horse that fell into a well. Neither the nag nor the well, it seems, was of any further use to the owner, who, accordingly, began to shovel dirt into the hole. But the old horse, knee deep in ooze at the bottom, had other ideas. As each shovelful came thumping down, he stomped it under hoof—and the faster the

dirt fell, the nearer he rose to the surface. At last, on level ground, he wobbled off to the pasture. Rotarian Wertz, who told this story in his Club's publication, thinks that sometimes a man can use the very things which conspire to bury him "to lift himself out of his difficulties into the light." Or, in other words, "You can't keep a good man down."

### A PROMINENT AMERICAN

educator relates a conversation which took place in an industrial plant in South America.

"What fuel do you burn in your furnaces?" a visitor from north of the Rio Grande asked the chief engineer.

"Sometimes coal, sometimes wood," he replied, "and sometimes catalogues printed in languages we cannot read."

### AN APPALLING LACK

of information about Latin America among North Americans was revealed in a recent survey sponsored by Bard College under a grant of the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation. Few persons interviewed had even a talking knowledge about trade balances between Latin America and Europe or the United States. Ignorance on the wide variations in climate in South America was notable. Only one person in five knew that Latin America was less well off economically than before the war. . . . So that English-reading Rotarians may improve themselves in Ibero-Americanology, THE ROTARIAN this month starts its *Little Lessons on Latin America* (page 4).

### THESE LESSONS, YOU

will note, are accompanied by a Spanish "pony." It can help you brush up on your *español*, if it is rusty; or, mayhap, it will launch you on a study of that relatively easy language. More North American Rotarians should be able to converse with their good neighbors to the South. Why not you?

### PAUL HARRIS,

esteemed Founder of Rotary, recently underwent an operation. He has recuperated nicely, and as this is written is planning to spend Christmas with Jean in Vermont.

— your Editor

